SCREENLAND ★ ICC

June
15¢

THE
CURTAIN"
Drama Starring
E TIERNEY
and
A ANDREWS
zed in this issue

Dana Andrews and Gene Tierney

COBINA WRIGHT'S GOSSIP of HOLLYWOOD PARTIES

The Most Revolutionary Undie Designed in a Decade!

You *DON'T* need a Girdle?

You *DON'T* like a Garter Belt?

THEN YOU'LL BE MAD ABOUT...

Suspants

by Blue Swan

The undie that can be worn with garters ... and never slips off the waist.

All you fashion-wise lassies can pass the good word along...SUSPANTS is the thrilling new star of the "undie" world. It's goodby to girdles and garter belts! Just attach garters and you have an undie—with GARTER TABS—that suspends stockings wrinkle-free, and mysteriously hugs your waist whether you bend, twist or stand on your head. The secret is the new "pivot-point" bias pattern—which neutralizes, thus eliminating, all pull. Moreover, SUSPANTS exerts just enough figure control to make it the perfect accessory for evening and daytime wear—with or without garters. Featured at all leading stores... individually cellophane wrapped . . . in all colors, $1.50 and up.

JUNIOR MISS SIZES: 9 TO 17

Blue Swan

MILLS

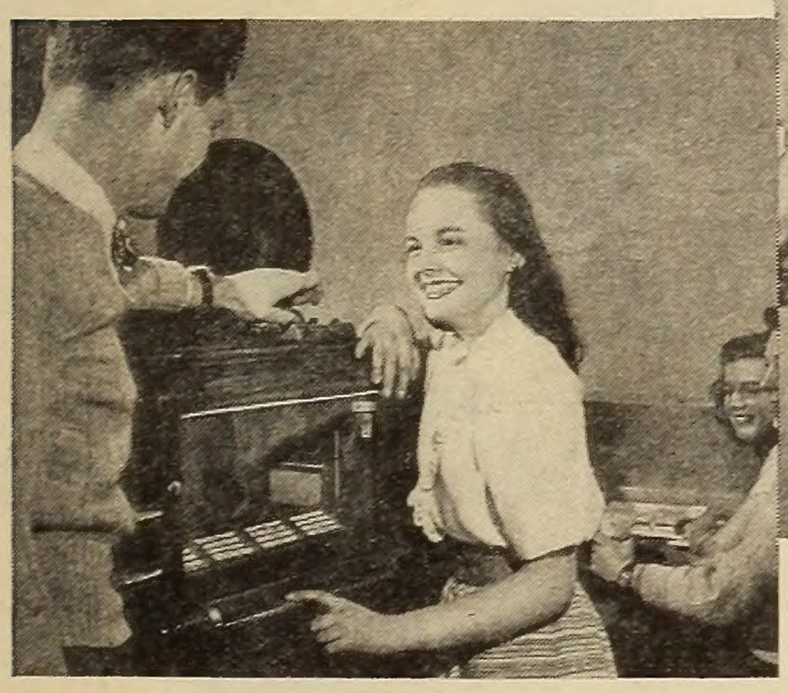
Division of McKay Products Corp.
Empire State Bldg., New York, N.Y.

A McKAY PRODUCT
Pat. App. for

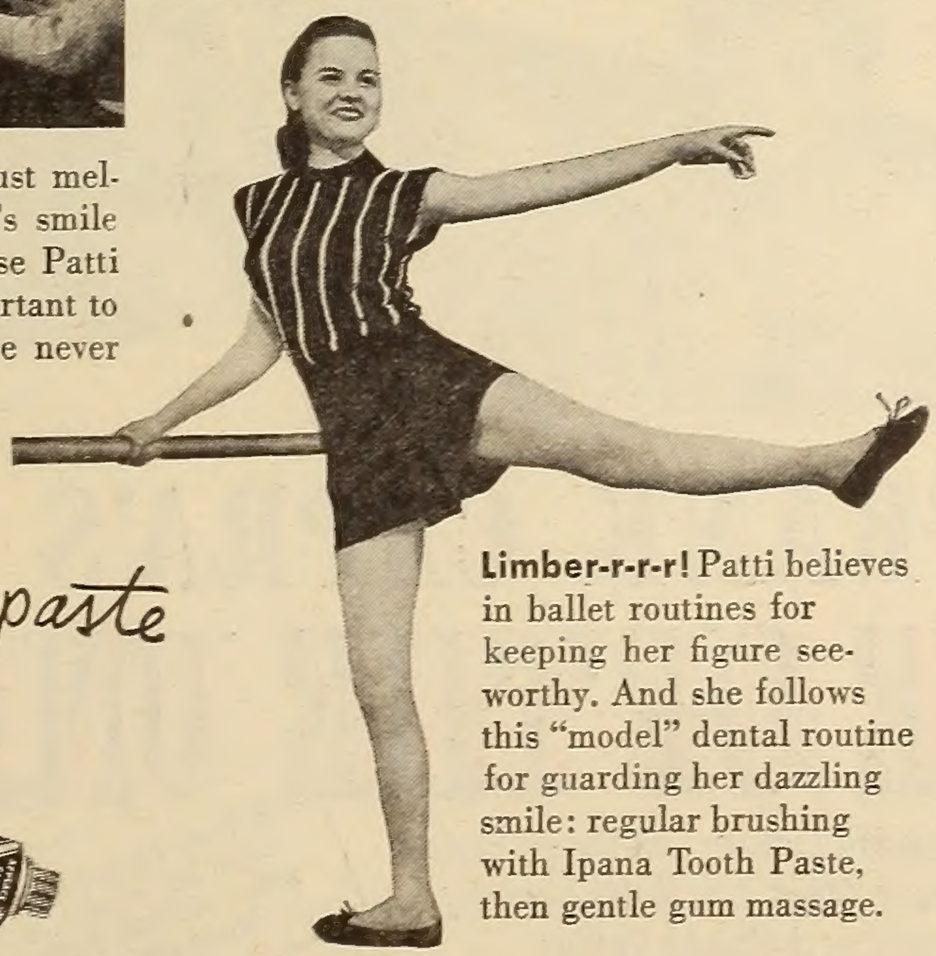
date life of a junior model

Thornton cutie Patti Marcheret of Flushing, L. I., has a smile that takes her places. C'mon along!

Going around in circles (the *nicest* circles!) is pert Patti Marcheret—a famous name model at 18! Patti is a teen-queen with more dates than a history book. Know why? Because the same bright 'n beautiful Ipana smile that makes her such a terrific fashion model has a devastating effect on every lad she meets. Take a leaf from her date-book—get Ipana today!



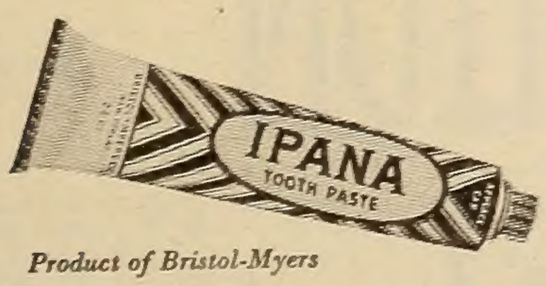
Music has charms—but even a stardust melody can't outshine the charm of Patti's smile for current escort Bill Sommer! Because Patti knows this: firm, healthy gums are important to sparkling teeth, a radiant smile. So she never skips her Ipana care!



Limber-r-r-r! Patti believes in ballet routines for keeping her figure see-worthy. And she follows this "model" dental routine for guarding her dazzling smile: regular brushing with Ipana Tooth Paste, then gentle gum massage.

Dentists recommend Ipana 2 to 1 over any other tooth paste. And 9 out of 10 dentists recommend massage regularly or in special cases. (Facts from recent national survey.) Ask *your* dentist about massage—and follow his advice. *Help him guard your smile of beauty!*

Ipana tooth paste



Product of Bristol-Myers

for your Smile of Beauty!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
and
LIBERTY FILMS
present

SPENCER TRACY
KATHARINE HEPBURN
VAN JOHNSON
ANGELA LANSBURY
ADOLPHE MENJOU
LEWIS STONE

FRANK CAPRA'S

STATE OF THE UNION

Based on the Play by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse
Screen Play by Anthony Veiller and Myles Connolly
Associate Producer Anthony Veiller
Produced and Directed by FRANK CAPRA

A great Broadway stage hit is now a great picture with great stars!

A
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Picture

ANOTHER HIT COMING FROM M-G-M: CLARK GABLE, LANA TURNER, ANNE BAXTER, JOHN HODIAK in "HOMECOMING"

SCREENLAND

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On Our Cover: GENE TIERNEY and DANA ANDREWS, co-starring in the 20th Century-Fox film, "The Iron Curtain."

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Don't be Half-safe!

by VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl . . . so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

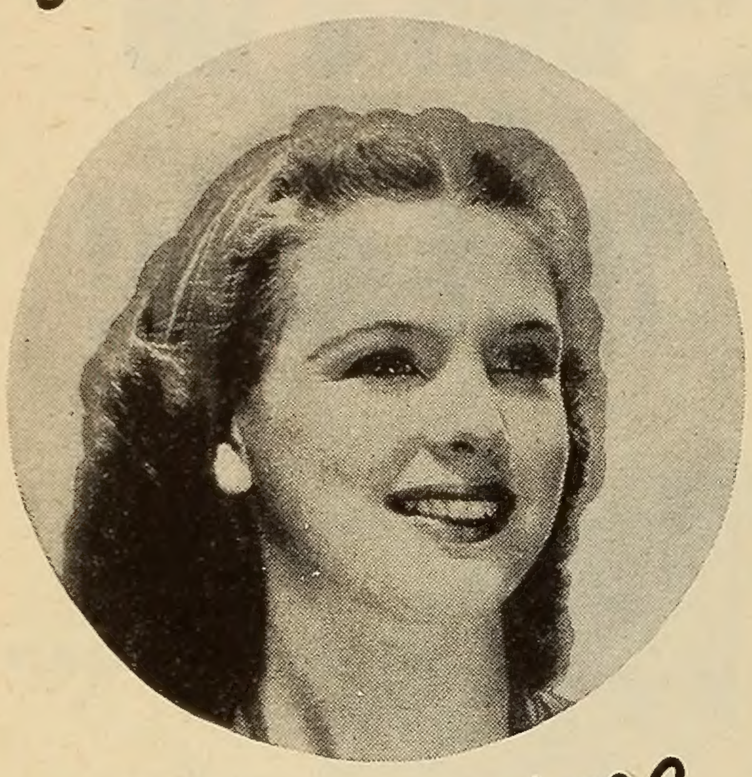
Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause your apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use Arrid than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. This new Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not crystallize or dry out in the jar. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Arrid is safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

Don't be half-safe. During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.

be at your best



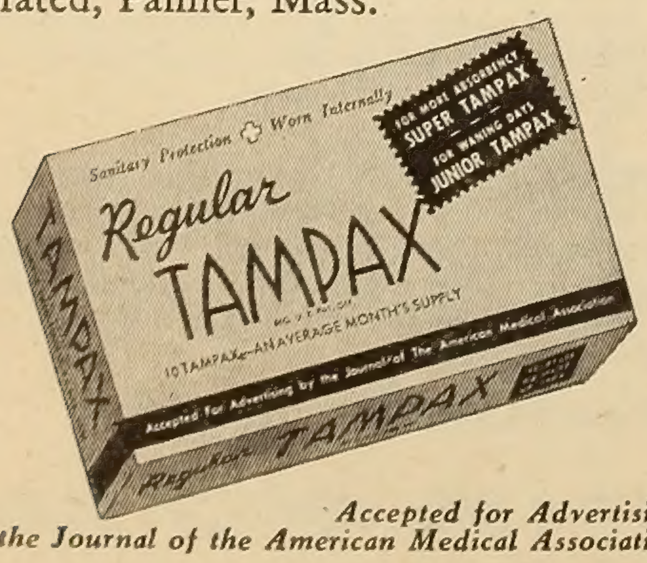
all the time with Tampax!

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

Perhaps you'll say Nature is against you *part* of every month—at least during those "belt-and-pin days" which you think you can't escape. *Well, you are wrong!* The miracle-product Tampax was invented for just such women as you—those who hate to face the recurring monthly problem of sanitary protection.

Tampax is different—distinctly different. Worn *internally*, it takes advantage of the principle of "internal absorption," familiar to every physician. And *how* Tampax *does* absorb! Although it is many times smaller than the external-pad-type, it is on the other hand made of pure surgical absorbent cotton. And being compressed in patented applicator, Tampax is quickly inserted. (Your hands need not even touch the Tampax.)

Here is a brief summary of Tampax features. No belts, no pins, no chafing, *no odor*. Easily disposable. You can't even *feel* Tampax while wearing it. No need to remove it for tub or shower—nor for swimming. Sold at drug stores, notion counters in 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior). Month's supply slips into your purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Gossip

★ Hot from Hollywood

Glamor goes wherever Lana Turner goes, with her escort, millionaire Bob Topping. Lana's busy working in "The Three Musketeers" in spite of accident on set.

WHAT a man, that Crosby! When the Freedom Train hit Los Angeles, Bing, like every other proud father, took his sons and waited for hours. "Hey, Pop," said one of them, "don't they know who you are?" Bing turned up his coat collar and put his finger to his lips. "Ssh-sh, not so loud, son," he cautioned. "If anyone hears you, we'll have to go back to the end of the line again!"

DALE EVANS just *loved* that mustache Roy Rogers raised while they were on their honeymoon. But when they returned home, "Trigger" took one look, walked over to a corner of his stall, and sort of hung his head in shame! He refused to display horse sense until Roy shaved it off again.

NOW we know another reason why Jimmy Stewart goes for Myrna Dell. (Oh, brother, are those unattached glamor girls burning!) Myrna's under contract to RKO, but no one took her too seriously until she was seen everywhere with Jimmy. Now they want her for interviews, publicity picture layouts, etc. Oh, yes, with Jimmy Stewart in them, of course! They won't be forgetting Myrna's answer in a hurry.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR is growing up. Two years ago a reporter asked her to name a favorite actor. The answer

Myrna Dell is the lucky girl to capture James Stewart's attention. Right, Van and Evie Johnson call gay greeting.

WANTED!

50,000,000 Fun-Lovers...To Enjoy The Hi-Jinks When Those Not-So-Sainted Sisters Love'em and Leave'em–BROKE!

Letty: She's got a heart of gold... and she's looking for a fortune to match it!

Jane: She's got "taking" ways... either for hearts or for folding money!

You'll love every illegal inch of 'em

Veronica LAKE

Joan CAULFIELD

Barry FITZGERALD

Pity poor George Reeves... he's in love with both of the most kissable sisters in history!

"The Saintly Sisters"

with

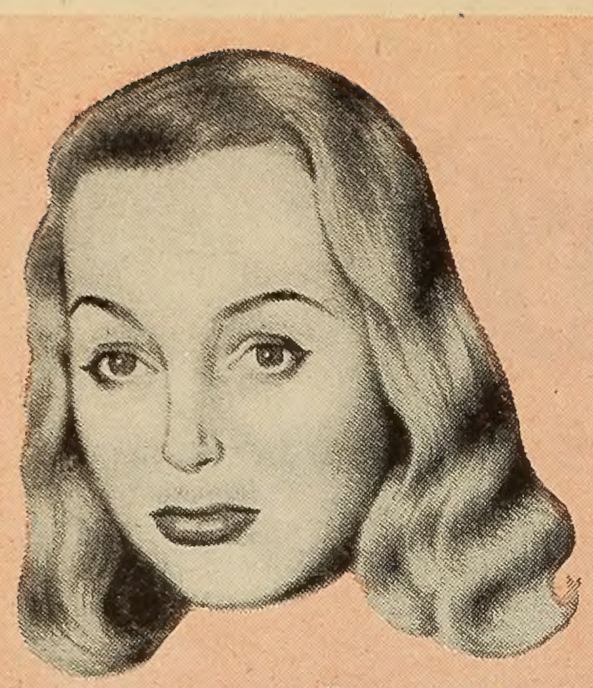
WILLIAM DEMAREST

GEORGE REEVES · BEULAH BONDI

Produced by Richard Maibaum · Directed by William D. Russell

Screenplay by Harry Clork and N. Richard Nash

Adapted by Mindret Lord · A Paramount Picture



Jane's hair is CLEAN

but Ann's hair is COLORFUL

She added COLOR to her hair with...

Nestle COLORINSE

- Why look "drab" when it's so easy to use Nestle Colorinse. Colorinse does what no shampoo could possibly do—it *adds* rich natural-looking *color* to your hair—plus—sparkling highlights, silken sheen. Absolutely safe to use—washes out with shampooing.

Remember—to get the real "Colorinse" insist on genuine NESTLE COLORINSE.

IN 10 FLATTERING SHADES

10¢—25¢ AT ALL COSMETIC COUNTERS.

HAVE THE WHOLE FAMILY use Nestle Creme Shampoo—the wonderful, new lanolin creme shampoo in a tube. They'll love it. 10¢, 25¢, 59¢ at all toilet goods counters.

was "Wallace Beery." Recently Elizabeth was asked the same question. This time, and with no hesitancy, she sighed: "Guy Madison!"

MORE power to Bob Mitchum for telling off that snooty head waiter in a Hollywood nightclub. "I'll be happy to let you out the back way so you can escape those autograph pests," he patronized Bob. "Lookie, chum," squelched the inimitable Mitchum, "if it weren't for those so-called pests, I couldn't even *get* in the *front* way!"

THERE were no "big name" offspring at Betty Grable's party for little Victoria James' fourth birthday. Instead, nursery chums as well as the kiddies belonging to the boys in Harry James' band were invited. Cake, ice cream and Disney cartoons were on the menu. When they posed for pictures, Vicki looked straight into the camera. "She's a typical 'El Aitch,'" mused Betty, which, translated, means "Little Ham."

WHEN Peter Shaw returns from England, he'll find a "new" Angela Lansbury waiting for him. For her rôle of the Queen in "The Three Musketeers," they dyed Angie's hair "regal red." She loves it, and isn't going back to being a blonde. Peter's purpose in making the trip was to settle affairs with his estranged wife and see his young son. Then he'll return to Hollywood, Angela and—Dan Cupid!

THE fight scene between Maureen O'Hara and Gloria Grahame in "The Long Denial" looked so realistic set spectators thought it was the real thing. "I *was* mad," Maureen admitted, "but not at Gloria. My cook walked out on me this morning."

IF YOU'RE a Zachary Scott fan and you want to please him, here's the way to do it. Zack collects unusual antique buttons, which he converts into cuff links. To date, his favorite pair are made of old 1776 harness buttons. Tiny American flags are featured under glass, and on Mr. S. they're very handsome.

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., below, sits back and listens to girl-talk between his wife and Joan Fontaine, eating bread stick. Top, Sue Carol and Alan Ladd consult Reuben's table chart at the Cocoanut Grove. Above Margaret O'Brien, a big girl now, with Gene Autry, visiting the Freedom Train.

Photos by Len Weissman

NOW!.. A NEW CHAPTER IN GREAT SCREEN DRAMA

"You told me your secret – now I'll tell you mine!"

A performance unsurpassed in power by

BETTE DAVIS

as Susan Grieve in

"WINTER MEETING"

THE NEW WARNER BROS. SUCCESS

WITH JANIS PAIGE • JAMES DAVIS

DIRECTED BY BRETAIGNE WINDUST • PRODUCED BY HENRY BLANKE

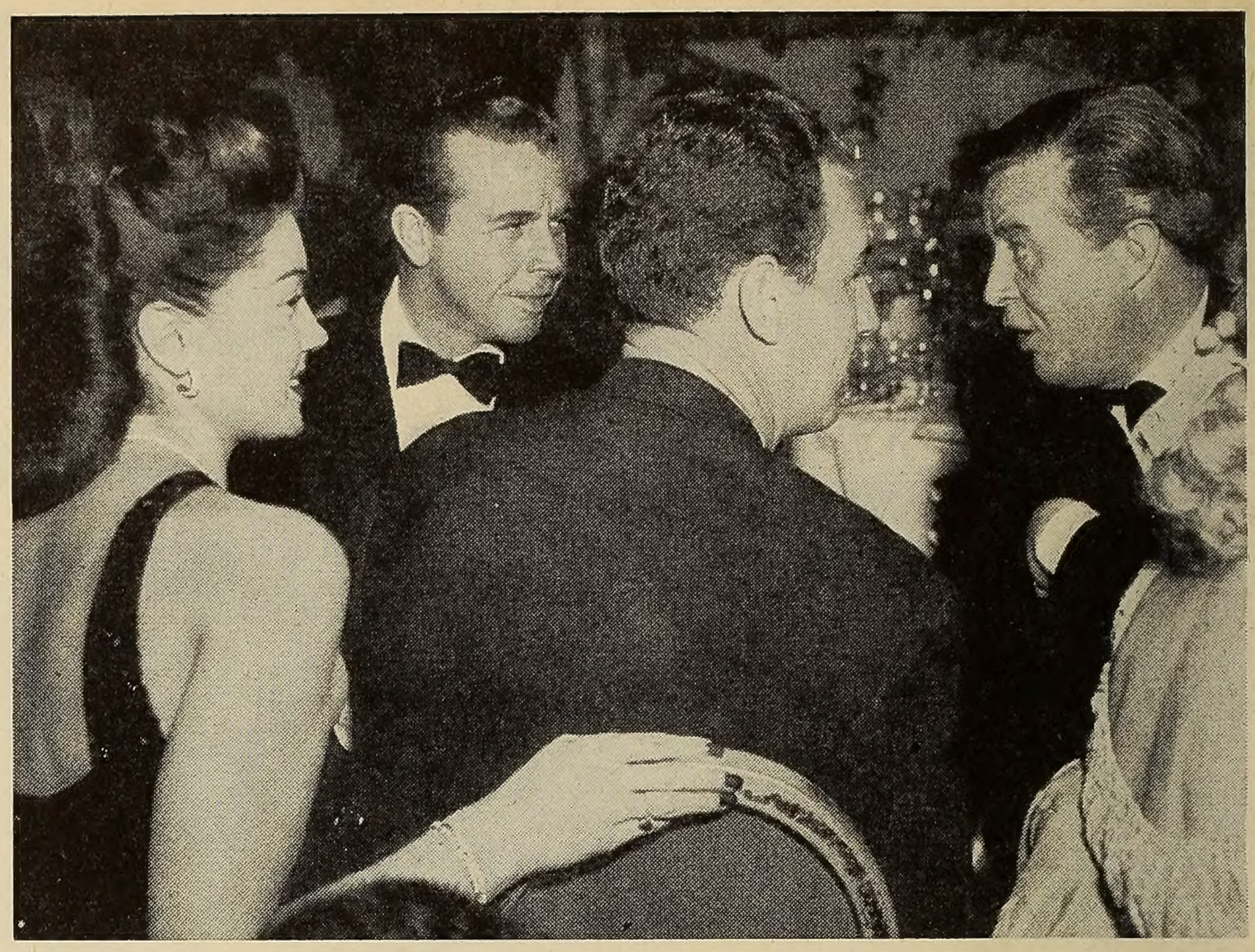
SCREEN PLAY BY CATHERINE TURNEY • FROM THE NOVEL BY ETHEL VANCE

MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out

ASK FOR DeLong Everytime



Esther Williams, Dick Powell and Ben Gage listen to Ray Milland's yarn, above. Below, Lana Turner and Greg Bautzer, a former romance; new mother Shirley Temple, with new papa Agar.

Photos by Len Weissman

BETTE DAVIS, who was willing to "break in" Gig Young, Richard Travis and other newcomers, is swearing off. For "Winter Meeting" (final title) she knocked herself out giving a break to unknown Jim Davis. He was good, too, according to Bette—who should know. But even before the picture was previewed, Jim was dropped by the studio. Bette just doesn't "get it."

DIRECTOR Anatole Litvak (who recently finished "The Snake Pit") is such a disciplinarian he glares if anyone even breathes heavily on his sets. So, "Sorry, Wrong Number," in which Barbara Stanwyck magnificently plays an invalid who gets murdered, is the most "intense" production in town. And speaking of Barbara, a star you all know wanted her part so badly she refers to the title as "Sorry, Wrong Casting."

THE most maligned girl in Hollywood is Hedy Lamarr. As far as Bob Cummings is concerned (he told us so himself), they get along beautifully on the "Let's Live A Little" set. In the romance department, as usual Hollywood exaggerated the Billy Wilder build-up. The talented director and Hedy had exactly one date.

IN ADDITION to many other activities, once a week Joan Crawford goes marketing. "I'd like filet steaks for two," she requested of a new Beverly Hills butcher. "That will be nine dollars and fifty cents," nonchalantly answered the butcher, who recognized his famous customer. Joan never batted an eyelash. "I'm sorry," she said sweetly, "I wanted to pay cash—not buy it on *easy terms!*" Then she walked out.

AT LONG last, Cornel Wilde has learned to laugh at himself and take it from us, he's a changed man. The Wildes recently returned from New York, where they *didn't* find a play. While Pat's reading scripts, Cornel is giving into "That Wonderful Urge." All this and Gene Tierney, too! Lucky Wilde boy.

Are you in the know?

Can "toothpick" pegs gain beach allure, via —

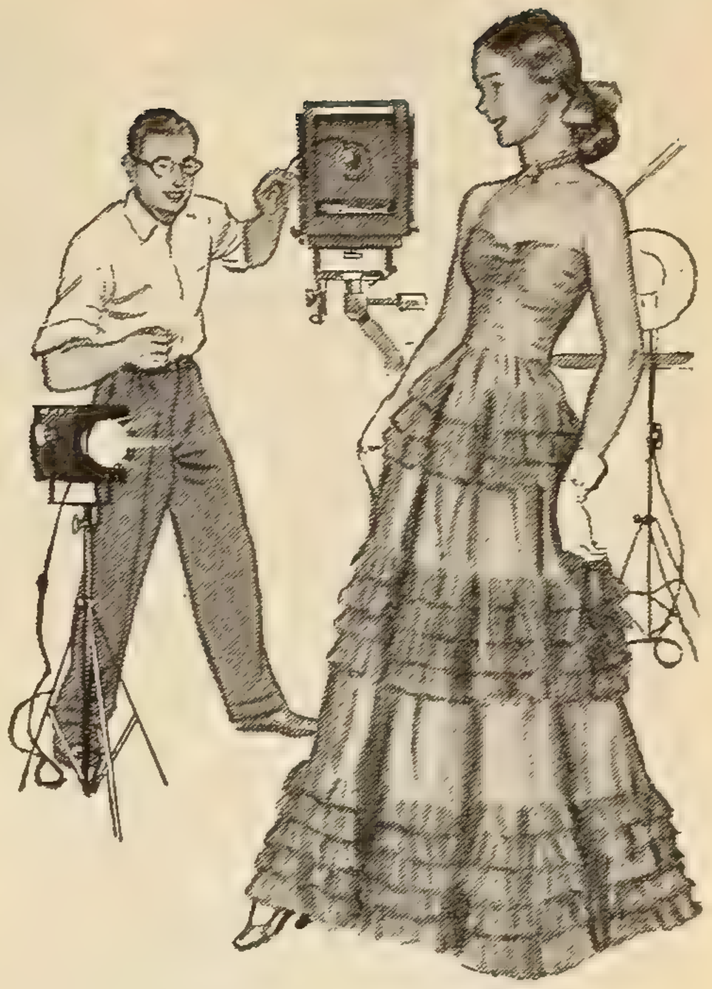
- ☐ *Gooey sundaes*
- ☐ *Bicycling*
- ☐ *Scanty swim suits*

Try this for thighs—(and pegs, too) that aren't so fully packed: Mooch a bicycle. Pedal like mad, daily, to build up underdeveloped leg muscles. Meanwhile, a discreet dressmaker bathing suit will help keep 'em beach-worthy. It's a good style for your particular problem. And here's a good thought for problem days: Kotex comes in *3 sizes*—giving you a choice of Regular, Junior and Super. So, there's a Kotex napkin just perfect for *you*.

Do the Crew Cuts rate you —

- ☐ *Affectionate*
- ☐ *Affected*
- ☐ *A femme to follow*

Since smooching won't improve her rating, a gal might improve her conversation. Don't keep saying "See?" . . . "I mean." And only a dreep would dare the affected "Do you *rah*-lly?" approach. Shun mannerisms. Be yourself. And be rated a femme to follow. You can always be your own gay self when calendar qualms are off your mind. With that exclusive *safety center* of Kotex for *extra* protection, there's no ceiling to your confidence!



How to start a modeling career?

- ☐ *Trek to the big city*
- ☐ *Take a charm course*
- ☐ *Find out if you're qualified*

Modeling's glamorous . . . but gruelling. How's your health? Disposition? Can your arches take long hours of standing? You needn't fly far afield to find out. Try your wings in fashion shows at your local department store. Good training. Tells if you're qualified. On "those" days, comfort *counts*. Not 'til you've tried *new* Kotex can you appreciate this new, suave softness that *holds its shape*. It's utter—this napkin, made to *stay* soft while you wear it.

When can a girl ask for a date?

- ☐ *But never*
- ☐ *In Twirp Season*
- ☐ *How desperate can you get*

A miss *can* stalk her man—in Twirp Season. Anytime you and your gal pals declare one. Call for your dates, give 'em zany corsages. Plans can include a dance or movies, plus refreshments—natch. The catch? Twirp means The Woman Is Requested to Pay.

At certain times, choosing Kotex pays, in self-assurance. Why not, with those *flat pressed ends* preventing telltale outlines? Thanks to this secret mission, Kotex' flat pressed ends help *so* many girls to stay in the fun . . . serenely!

3 guesses what girls forget most

- ☐ *De-fuzz your gams*
- ☐ *Make with the mouthwash*
- ☐ *Buy a new sanitary belt*

No doubt your breath's above reproach . . . your pegs are satin-smooth. Okay. Well, isn't there something you *didn't* remember—like buying a new sanitary belt? That's what most girls forget; keep putting off "till next time." But to get *all* the comfort your napkin gives, now's the time to buy a new *Kotex* Belt!

You know, the Kotex Belt is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. You get such snug, comfortable fit with a *Kotex* Belt for it's all-elastic; adjustable . . . doesn't bind!

Kotex Sanitary Belt

Ask for it by name

More women choose KOTEX * *than all other sanitary napkins*

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Here's how to
give your hair—

more Lustre...
richer Color!

Brunettes
Four of Marchand's twelve "Make-Up" Hair Rinse shades are created just for you! Now you can highlight your natural hair shade... or add more color... or blend in tell-tale gray hairs!

BLONDES, REDHEADS, BROWNETTES. Special rinse shades for *you,* too! To find out which shade to use for the color effect you desire, consult the color chart on the back of the Marchand package.

DOES MORE THAN LEMON OR VINEGAR! *Every* Marchand Rinse adds gleaming highlights *plus* color! It rinses away dingy soap film and leaves your hair softer, more lustrous . . . easier to manage!

SAFE, EASY TO USE! After each shampoo, simply dissolve the rinse powder in warm water and brush or pour through your hair. Not a bleach, not a permanent dye, Marchand's "Make-Up" Hair Rinse is made of government-approved colors that wash off readily.

By the Makers of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash

Your guide to CURRENT FILMS

Joan Fontaine and Louis Jourdan play love scene in U-I's "Letter from an Unknown Woman."

Letter from an Unknown Woman

Rampart—U-I

Charm and romance in the true old-fashioned sense of both words permeate this picture, which is set in Vienna in the late eighties. At fifteen, *Lisa* (Joan Fontaine) falls in love with a renowned, though very young, pianist next door (Louis Jourdan). When her mother remarries and leaves town, *Lisa* gives up family life and a practical marriage to be near him, goes to work as a mannikin, manages to spend four evenings with the musician, bears him a child, unknown to him, marries an older man to provide a father, and dies more or less because of him. Joan is very real as a love-sick youngster and beautiful as a woman. Jourdan is a new kind of leading man—handsome, suave, graceful, tender, detached and yet intense. Though he plays a playboy, his feminine following will undoubtedly begin with this picture—and grow and grow.

I Remember Mama

RKO

The screen version of John Van Druten's play remains a series of vignettes from the life of an American-Norwegian family who live in San Francisco in the late eighties. *Papa* (Philip Dorn) is sweet but rather ineffectual; the four children are normally good and normally bad; but *Mama,* in whom everyone will recognize some of his own mother's qualities, is a fountain of strength, courage and inspiration. She fixes everything, including the family cat, and never lets anyone down. She can also stand up to ferocious *Uncle Chris* (Oscar Homolka) and to her domineering sisters. Nobody appreciates her more than the eldest daughter, *Katrin* (Barbara Bel Geddes), who relates the story and gives a sensitive portrayal of youth and adolescence. *Katrin* turns out to be a writer and finally gives the family a little of the security *Mama* had invented. Irene Dunne, as *Mama,* is bound to be remembered long after the first run of this tender and charming picture.

Philip Dorn and Irene Dunne in RKO's tender and charming family drama, "I Remember Mama."

Zachary Scott and Diana Lynn head fine cast in Eagle Lion's gripping film, "Ruthless."

Ruthless
Eagle Lion

This is Zachary Scott's picture. He plays a hard-boiled, romantic, mixed-up character from the age of twenty on, and is charming and apparently irresistible throughout. Male moviegoers will probably think and say "that heel!" while feminine ones will understand and sympathize. Diana Lynn is his childhood sweetheart, whom he betrays but never forgets, and also the lady of his last hours on earth. Louis Hayward is good as his best friend, both devoted and disillusioned. Martha Vickers and Lucille Bremer are two more of the ladies he sacrifices to his ambitions. Sydney Greenstreet is his menace and his downfall. Altogether a gripping story, an interesting psychological study, a well-done film.

The Mating of Millie
Columbia

Even the story of the plain girl who suddenly becomes beautiful and wins every male heart in sight deserves repetition when it's done this well. Henry Levin's direction saves every potential cliché and the dialogue is something to remember. A career girl (Evelyn Keyes) must get a husband quickly so she can adopt the motherless kid (Jimmy Hunt) next door. She sets her clumsy trap for co-worker Glenn Ford; who easily sees through it, but decides to help with her campaign. By the time the neighborhood wolf (Willard Parker) and the director (Australian Ron Randell) of the foundling home where Jimmy awaits a Daddy have both fallen and proposed, Evelyn and Glenn are in love. Eventually, they admit it to themselves and each other. Evelyn's acting is mighty good and Glenn's is the most ingratiating, charming and natural we've seen in a long time.

The Sainted Sisters
Paramount

An implausible story has splendid impersonations by Veronica Lake, as a hard-boiled gal of a half-century ago, and her soft-hearted sister (Joan Caulfield). The girls have had a tough time since their parents died, and have found devious ways to make a living. The latest has put them on the "wanted" list and they're attempting to cross the border into Canada. A storm forces them to force themselves on a wonderful small-town character (Barry Fitzgerald), who soon discovers the money hidden in Veronica's bustle. Through his maneuvering, the girls turn out to be the town's guardian angels, they both (yes, both!) capture the heart of its most eligible man (George Reeves), they kinda reform, give themselves up, serve a short sentence, and later come back to an ecstatic town, apparently to stay. Confusing, but entertaining in spots.

Summer Holiday
MGM

Director Rouben Mamoulian has converted Eugene O'Neill's play, "Ah, Wilderness!" into a contemporary musical in the "Oklahoma!" manner. Everybody sings, but it makes a lot of sense. The everyday account of a typical family in a typical American small town retains its

I'm a safety-first girl with Mum

Smart work, sugar! Staggering the stagline is easy when Mum protects your charm the whole thrilling evening. You'll never let a dream man down with a fault like underarm odor.

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When you suspect cancer, see your doctor immediately. You may find your fears are groundless—or that prompt treatment can bring you out on top. Always be on the lookout for cancer's danger signals.

1. Any sore that does not heal, particularly about the tongue, mouth or lips.
2. A painless lump or thickening, especially in the breast, lip or tongue.
3. Progressive change in the color or size of a wart, mole or birthmark.
4. Persistent indigestion.
5. Persistent hoarseness, unexplained cough, or difficulty in swallowing.
6. Bloody discharge from the nipple or irregular bleeding from any of natural body openings.
7. Any change in the normal bowel habits.

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charming, nostalgic qualities and is enhanced by luminous Technicolor. Mickey Rooney, as the adolescent son, hams it up a bit but is amusing; Gloria de Haven, as his childhood sweetheart, is lovely; Marilyn Maxwell, the "bad" girl he takes up with, is seductive; Butch Jenkins, his mischievous young brother, titillates the audience every time the camera finds his freckled face. Walter Huston and Selena Royle, as average fond parents; Frank Morgan and Agnes Moorehead as eccentric relatives—all contribute to the screenplay's over-all effect of pure theater.

Wanted!

Enterprise—U. A.

Viewing any of producer Harry Sherman's picture is akin to a ninety-minute escape into a beautiful wilderness, and this is no exception. Hero Joel McCrea on horseback—*sans* double at any time—is a sight by himself; his lovely wife, Frances Dee, who can ride a mean horse, too; Charles Bickford as a he-man enforcer of the law; Joseph Calleia as a loyal friend; the breath-taking scenery of New Mexico and a romantic story about a gallant man of the West who risks his neck to save a Mexican family from death from diphtheria—all this doesn't add up to the picture of the year, but is good Americana well worth seeing.

Scudda-Hoo! Scudda-Hay!

20th Century-Fox

The many moviegoers who like down-to-earth, simple, beautifully Technicolored stories about animals will enjoy this one, which is centered around a team of handsome mules. Farmhand (Lon McCallister) buys them for most of a year's pay, tames and trains them with the help of an old mule-man (Walter Brennan), then defends them against his nasty, coveting stepbrother (Robert Karnes) and his ill-tempered employer. The mules become topnotch haulers and bread winners, Lon runs the villain out of town, tones down his boss who becomes his father-in-law, and wins the most popular girl in town (June Haver). There's nothing new about the plot, except the mules, but it's saved by Lon's inimitably simple way, which ought soon to have a chance at a new kind of performance.

Big City

MGM

Though it lays it on a bit thick, this picture is a commendable plea for racial and religious cooperation and understanding. *Midge* (Margaret O'Brien) is a wee foundling when discovered simultaneously by *Cantor David Feldman* (Danny Thomas), the *Reverend Phillip Andrews* (Robert Preston) and officer *Patrick O'Donnell* (George Murphy). They take her to *Mama Feldman* (Lotte Lehmann) and then to *Judge Abercrombie* (Edward Arnold), who decrees that all three young men shall be fathers until one marries, when he and his wife shall have her custody. *Midge* is brought up in complete accord and in all three faiths. Trouble begins only when *Pat* marries a dancehall girl (Betty Garrett) and the other boys both fall for *Midge's* teacher (Karin Booth). But the kindly

Evelyn Keyes and Glenn Ford give romance a whirl in Columbia's "The Mating of Millie."

Judge fixes all, adding a timely preachment for good will and understanding.

October Man

Rank—Eagle Lion

Chances are, if you are a Libra, born in the month of October, you won't be subjected to the highly melodramatic happenings in this Eric Ambler production for J. Arthur Rank, but you will thrill to the dramatic suspense that saturates the richly emotional episodes in this first-rate plot. John Mills handles expertly a difficult assignment as the man who develops a suicide complex after a brain injury, and who can't remember if he is guilty of murder. His portrayal is always sincere, well-defined and believable. Joan Greenwood, as the steadfast sweetheart, helps him corner the criminal—who it is, you'll never guess!

To the Victor

Warner Bros.

This could have been one of the better "mood" pictures of postwar Europe. The locales—various parts of Paris and rural Normandy—and the interesting character parts seem completely authentic. It has laudable and effective anti-war, anti-red, pro-peace dialogue throughout. But the plot is so confused that the average moviegoer isn't likely to know who's good or bad, or why. Roughly, it has to do with the wife (Swedish Viveca Lindfors, who looks like a smaller Bergman), of a French collaborationist on trial, who's being shot at by her husband's stooges. She meets an American ex-Major (Dennis Morgan), member of a black market ring. He saves her from the killers and also reforms, but it's not quite clear how, unless love conquers all. Miss Lindfors gives a good performance, but Dennis would do better to stick to comedy or musicals.

Silver River

Warner Bros.

The eternal triangle is set against a background of early Western action, intrigue, politics and man-made laws. *Mike McComb* (Errol Flynn), an embittered ex-Union soldier, is out to make his fortune via the gambling houses. He meets *Georgia Moore* (Ann Sheridan), wife of the owner (Bruce Bennett) of the largest

silver mine in the town in which he settles, and decides he wants her for his own—and most of the town, too. Before long he controls the mines and founds the state's first bank, sends *Moore* to his death and marries his widow. Eventually his greed loses him almost everything, but his wife and his lawyer friend (Thomas Mitchell) point the way, and *McComb* ends up by thinking not of the glory of one man, but of all the people. Errol is his usual handsome, virile self; Ann has done better.

Are You with It?

Universal-International

A rather silly story lends itself to some cute gimmicks when insurance actuary (Donald O'Connor) gets mixed up with a pitchman (comic Lew Parker) and a carnival. His mathematical genius lends itself to games of chance and his natural gift for dancing to the front chorus. His girl (Olga San Juan) tracks him down, finds she can sing and dance, too. Aided and abetted by the pitchman's girl, (Martha Stewart), she's soon "with it," too. Through a misunderstanding, Donald and Olga, also their pals, wind up in the clink and the insurance execs come over to bail them out. Donald proves that the guy who's trying to gyp the boss is also defrauding the insurance company, which ends up owning the show. All is forgiven, and the kids work happily for both the carnival and the insurers.

April Showers

Warner Bros.

This is the shopworn plot about a couple of vaudeville hoofers who probably would never make the grade without the help of the soft-hearted hotel keeper (this time it's S. Z. Sakall). It has its face slightly lifted, however, by the introduction of a remarkably talented twelve-year-old, Robert Ellis, who plays the son of *June* and *Joe Tyme* (Ann Sothern and Jack Carson). When *Buster* insists on leaving school to join his parents' tired routine, he copies his Pa to within a check of his loud suits, and the act is a sensation. But it runs into child labor laws, *Big Tyme* takes to drink, *June* and the kid go on with a former admirer (Robert Alda). Good performances and catchy tunes.

Mickey Rooney and Gloria de Haven add adolescent romance to MGM's "Summer Holiday."

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GENTLY, ENDEARINGLY, this enchanting perfume bespeaks your charm, your adorable femininity. And every heart responds with homage. Its tender fragrance enhances a complete series of exquisite toiletries. Make it *your* perfume . . . your own special Fragrance of Romance.

BOURJOIS

Your Face Is Your Fortune

Learn what type of skin you have, then take care of it if you want facial beauty

By Claire Finucane

THIS month I am all hepped up on the subject of skin care. Reason for it being that I just visited the salon of a first-rate skin expert. She gave me the business as far as a skin cleansing goes, and the process made me realize that all of us too often take our skins for granted. We don't know how to analyze these complexions of ours, and by the same reasoning, we don't know how to go about taking care of them.

The lady in question is Georgette Klinger and she operates a salon for the sole purpose of skin analysis and treatment. It is an exclusive sort of a place where models and actresses go from time to time for a thorough skin sprucing. The treatment takes over an hour, after which your complexion feels so clean and light that you're positively convinced you have never washed it.

So while I was taking this luxurious treatment, I talked Mrs. Klinger into letting me in on some of her secrets so I could tell you about them for your own home use. Combining Mrs. Klinger's suggestions with a few of my own, I think you'll get a pretty good picture of the skin situation.

You undoubtedly have a dry skin if your forehead and nose are usually peeling and if your forehead and neck have a tendency to wrinkle. Other dry skin signs are lines around your mouth and chin as well as crows feet and wrinkles around the eyes and neck. Of course, these are the symptoms when your skin is excessively dry. Beginning signs are tight pores and a parched complexion.

Oily skin is evidenced around the nose, chin and cheeks where enlarged pores, blackheads and acne generally lodge. Enlarged pores invariably start the trouble for if left to themselves dirt accumulates and blackheads pop into the picture. Eventually these blackheads form pimples and if further neglected these pimples wind up into a good case of acne—if there's anything good about it.

Then there are those with combination skins. This is the case when the cheeks and areas around the eyes and part of the forehead are tight and dry while the nose and chin have a tendency toward oiliness.

Dry skin is dry because it is deprived of its natural oils. These oils have to be restored synthetically and cream is the best way to do it. Always remove your makeup with a cleansing cream. See to it that you cream your neck as well. Remove the cream with cotton saturated in a cleansing lotion or skin freshener. Thoroughly clean your face with this method by making certain that you use about four or five pieces of cotton to ascertain abso- *(Please turn to page 66)*

Do as the stars do, if you want that complexion of yours to look lovely. Dorothy Malone creams her eyes and face carefully each day. Her next opus for Warner Bros. is the frolicking film, "Two Guys from Texas."

"Good-bye, Jim . . .

we could have had a wonderful life together."

SHE had made herself go to Jim's wedding! "What will people say . . . what will they think . . . if I don't go?" she had asked herself grimly. So . . . she had gone. She had struggled to keep the tears back. She had watched the man she loved slip the ring on another girl's finger. She had forced herself to say the conventional things that were expected of her . . . "What a lovely bride! What a lucky man! What a beautiful wedding!" At least no one could point her out as the disappointed, heartbroken girl who had expected to be Jim's bride, herself.

But now the ordeal was over. Now she was home again, alone, with nothing to do except to read . . . and destroy . . . Jim's letters. Ah, here was the first letter he'd ever written her . . . after that wonderful day in the country! And here was another . . . after the dance. And other letters from far away Rio . . . warm and tender, full of his plans and hopes for the future . . . full of hints that maybe someday . . . ? One by one, she went through them, trying vainly to find some reason that would explain his later change in attitude.

The day he stepped off the plane from Rio, he had been so *ardent*, so glad to see her. But only a few short hours later he seemed to have changed . . . unbelievably. There was a strange indifference about him . . . his tenderness became merely formal courtesy . . . and at each meeting after that, the gulf seemed to widen, finally becoming an abyss. What had happened to change his feeling for her? She didn't know . . . and she never would know.

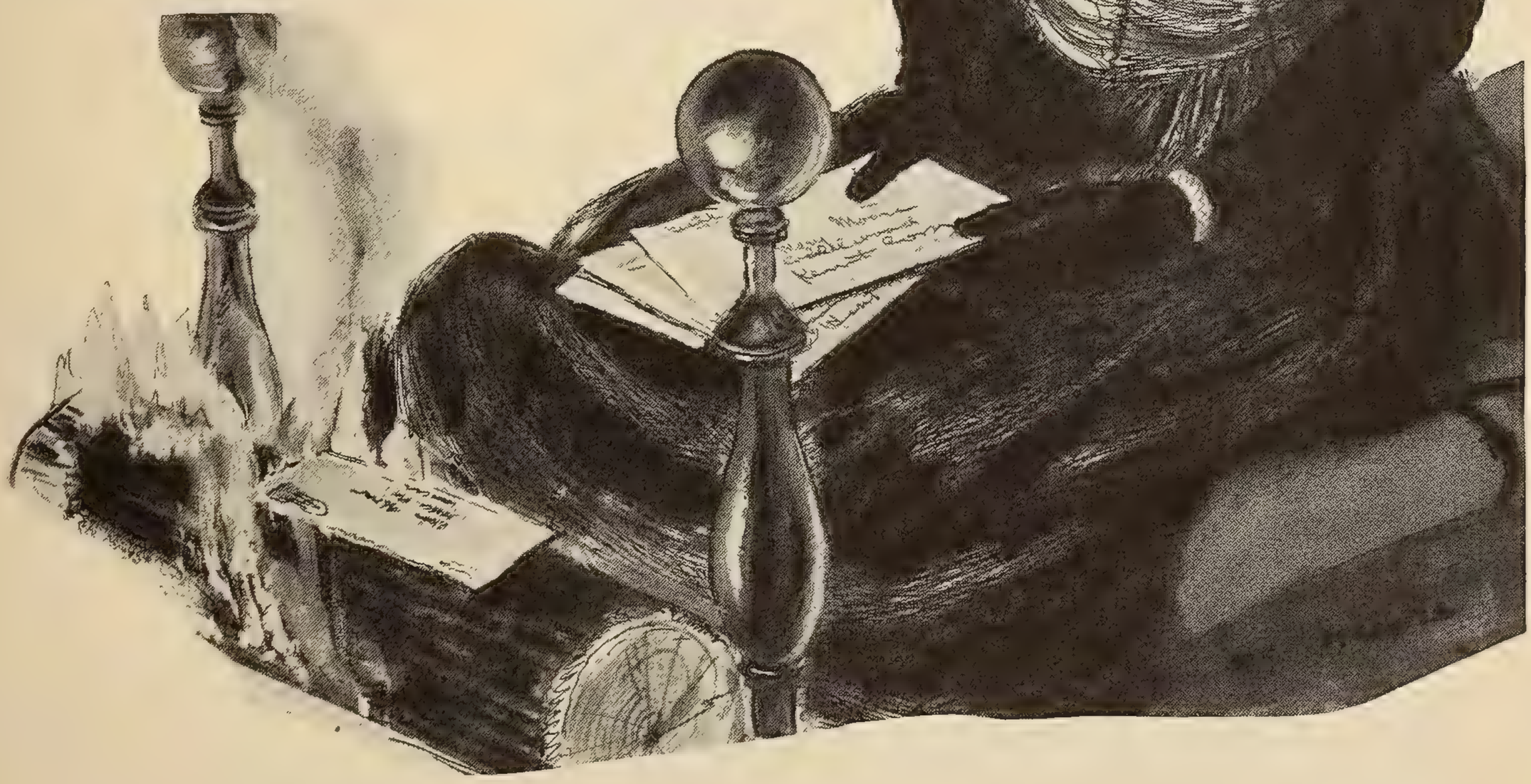
Slowly she put the letters into the fire, sadly watching them turn to ashes.

"Good-bye, Jim," she whispered. "We could have had a wonderful life together!"

You can understand why a case of halitosis (bad breath) can cause a rift in a promising romance. And halitosis, unfortunately, can happen to anyone . . . even to you. So be extra careful about offending this way. And by being extra careful we mean rinsing the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, *and before every date when you want to be at your best.*

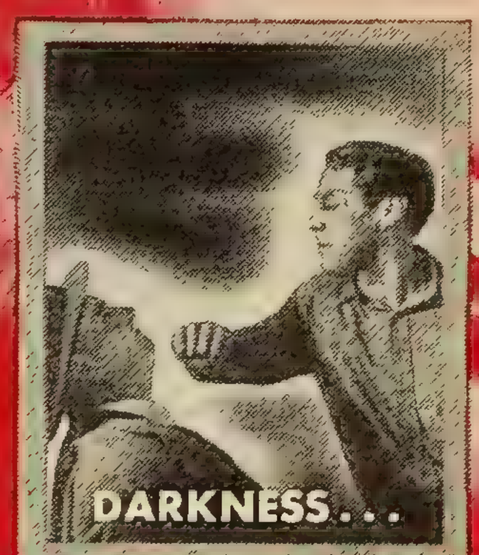
Although sometimes systemic in origin, most cases of halitosis, according to some authorities, are caused by fermentation of food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, and overcomes the odor it causes. So many fastidious people never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic. Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Missouri.*

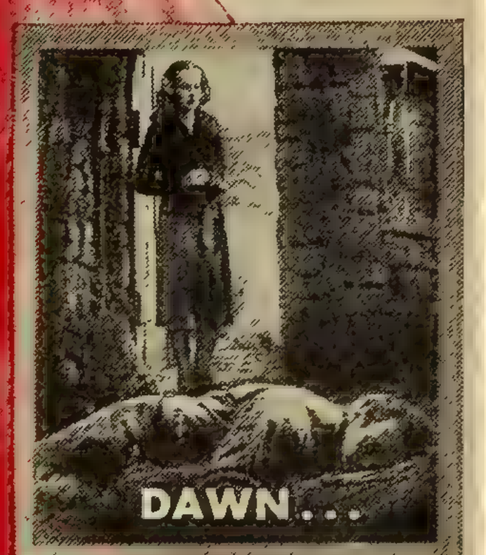
Before every date let LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC *look after your breath*



IT'S NEW! Have you tasted the zippy MINT flavor of today's Listerine TOOTH PASTE with 25% more Lusterfoam?

THERE IS A LOVE FROM WHICH NO MAN CAN ESCAPE!



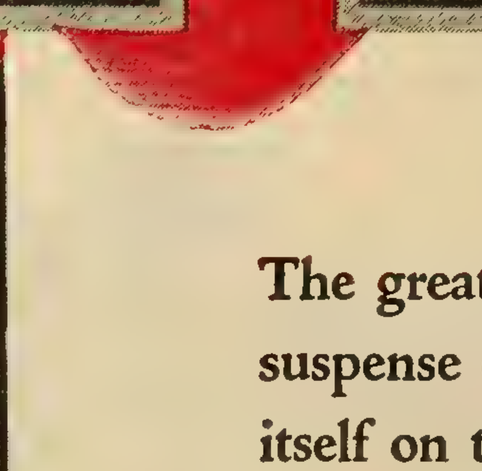


REX HARRISON · PEGGY CUMMINS

in John Galsworthy's

Escape

The greatest of Galsworthy's suspense dramas . . . surpassing itself on the screen!



with WILLIAM HARTNELL

NORMAN WOOLAND · JILL ESMOND · FREDERICK PIPER

DIRECTED BY JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ

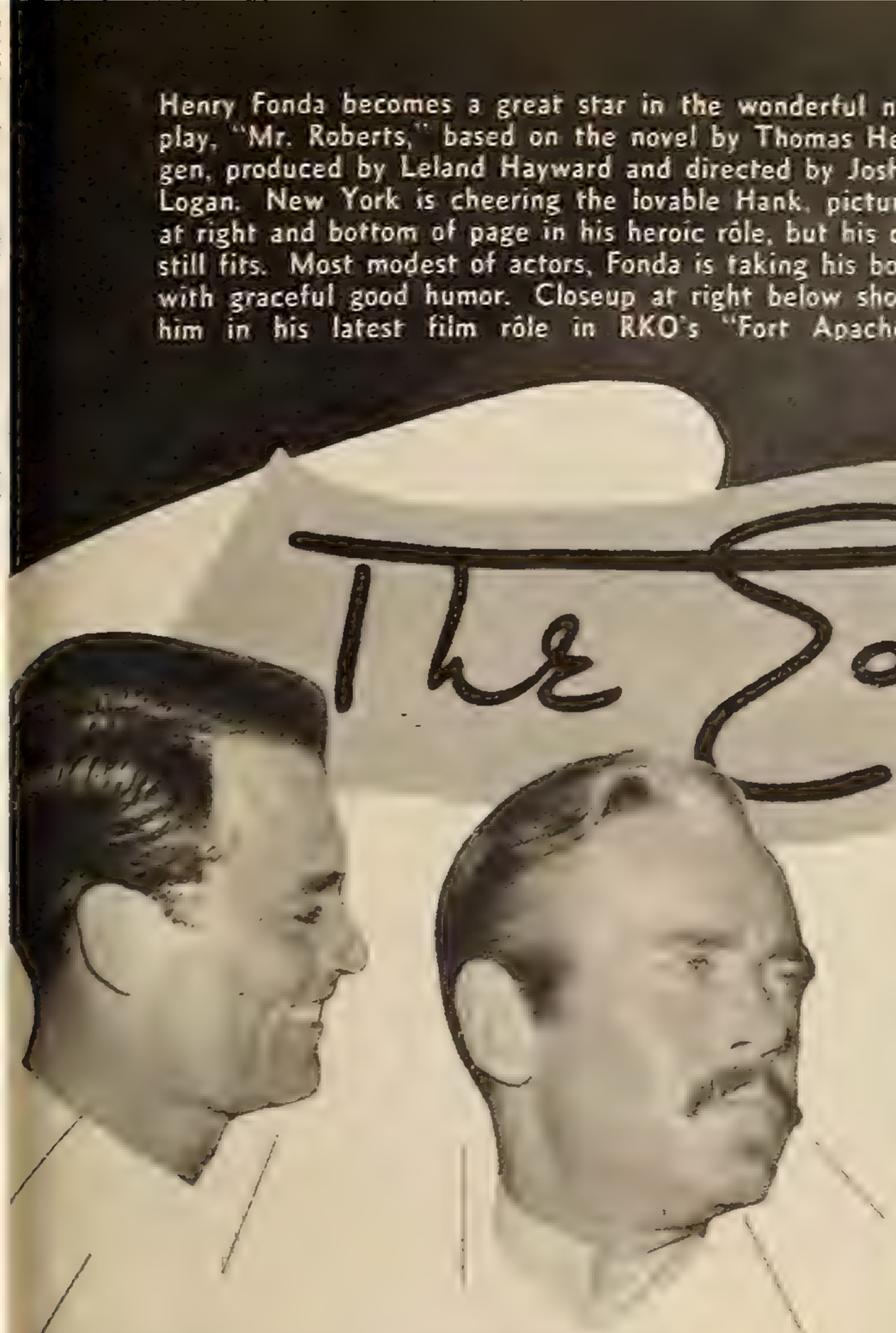
PRODUCED BY WILLIAM PERLBERG

Screen Play by Philip Dunne

20th CENTURY-FOX

Henry Fonda becomes a great star in the wonderful new play, "Mr. Roberts," based on the novel by Thomas Heggen, produced by Leland Hayward and directed by Joshua Logan. New York is cheering the lovable Hank, pictured at right and bottom of page in his heroic rôle, but his cap still fits. Most modest of actors, Fonda is taking his bows with graceful good humor. Closeup at right below shows him in his latest film rôle in RKO's "Fort Apache."

The Editor's Page



AN OPEN LETTER TO HENRY FONDA

NOW that you're acclaimed a great star in the smash Broadway hit, "Mr. Roberts," it would be fine if I could come out and say I knew you'd do it all the time. I can't. Honesty forbids; I *didn't* know it. Frankly, I'm just climbing on the bandwagon with everybody else in Boston, Baltimore, and New York who have seen your play. I am very sorry I can't claim I told you so, because I never even dreamed that our nice, quiet, dependable Fonda would ever emerge an electrifying actor cheered to the rafters every night (and two matinées weekly) by frenzied audiences, mobbed at the stage door and hounded for autographs around town. While I've always liked you and enjoyed your fine performances, particularly in "Daisy Kenyon," your conquest of the theater is a revelation, and the best part of it all is, it seems to be a surprise to you, too. I never thought I'd ever meet a modest actor, but here you are with your refreshing reaction of "it's the thrill of a lifetime." Not that you're through with pictures, you said. You like your rôle in "Fort Apache" because it's a characterization of a lowdown so-and-so, with whiskers and positively no glamor. In other words, Mr. Henry Fonda, you're An Actor, not just a movie star, and we movie audiences had better appreciate you. When you play your heroic *Mr. Roberts* on the screen (without whiskers) we'll be doing some cheering, too. It's about time. Come home to Hollywood, Hank—you forgive *us*.

Delight Evans

GODDESS with a GRIN

In "Lady from Shanghai" Rita has new hairdo, new and highly dramatic rôle. Directed by her ex-husband, Orson Welles, latest Columbia release really brings the goddess down to earth.

Rita Hayworth looks so ethereal, it's hard to believe she leads the rugged life revealed in exclusive interview on opposite page

Exclusive color photos by Cronenweth

A blonde in "Lady from Shanghai," left above, Rita returns to her own famous strawberry hue in "The Loves of Carmen," right above, with Glenn Ford—first picture as her own producer, Beckworth Production, released by Columbia.

By Lynn Bowers

TALK around the scuttlebutt circuit, where the characters who belong don't do much *but* talk, is that a certain very prominent and purty actress gal is mighty lazy. *Mighty* lazy. "They" say she doesn't like to do interviews, doesn't like to have her picture taken, thinks up all kinds of excuses to duck and dodge extra-curricular activities. And they've got a point, up to a certain point.

But if they were fool enough to get up around five a.m., go out into the cold and foggy dew and station themselves somewhere along Sunset Boulevard between Santa Monica and Columbia Studios they'd see that same gal streaking toward town in a Lincoln convertible, dressed in a white sports coat, sweater, levis, bobby sox and white moccasins. That would be Missy Rita Hayworth, who doesn't get up at that time in the morning because she's a lazybones. Or even because she has an incurable affinity for the rosy-fingered dawn. The trouble is, Miss H. *has* to get up.

At that time in the morning, no one is stirring at Casa Hayworth, not even Rita, until an accommodating early bird at the studio sounds reveille via the telephone. Rita jumps up obediently at the fourth or fifth ring, tries to make like she's grateful to have her dreams disturbed, yawns prettily, flicks on the switch under the bedside electric coffee pot, gropes toward the shower, dons her levis, downs a cup of brew, and heads for the garage.

For being such an early bird she doesn't get a worm. No—she's rewarded by a daily shampoo and finger wave which, far from being a privilege, is sort of old hat to Hayworth—or perhaps old head. Certainly it isn't a lazy gal's idea of being lazy. After the famous Hayworth hair is all nicely pincurled and secured under a net she (*Please turn to page* 56)

By Alyce Canfield

Mr. Average JOE

Burt Lancaster is a fighter. He's had to be, to get what he wants out of life

IF YOU saw Burt Lancaster walking down the street, you might think he had nothing in particular to set him apart from the mob. His physical appearance has nothing of the drama and impact of his personality. He is neither blond nor brunette. His rather square-shaped head is not adorned by dark, wavy locks. His hair is a light brown, cut crisply short. His eyes are average slate-blue. Although he is tall and well-built, his heavy jackets camouflage the smooth suppleness of his six-foot-two athlete's figure. His jutting jaw could denote stubbornness, or determination. His deceptively lazy manner could be sluggishness, or the false lull that comes before a storm.

He is difficult to peg. He is Mr. Average Joe—until he opens his mouth. Then you see him more clearly because he speaks with a visual tongue, drawing sharp, concise pictures. He digs deeply and reveals himself from the inside out, and you see that how he looks has nothing to do with what he is. As he talks, he becomes a powerful, vital, interesting personality. It is as if a block of granite were suddenly magnified to reveal its moving, surging atoms.

For there is no denying that, despite his Irish ancestry, there is much about Burt Lancaster's face that reminds you of the phlegmatic countenance of *Swede* in Burt's smash success, "The Killers." In repose, he plays life in monotones. His face does not light up. He is not given to easy laughter. High-strung, restless, with a violent temper which he keeps carefully under control, he nevertheless manages to give the appearance of outer calm. Then, suddenly, he walks quickly across the room, and there is a lithe purposefulness to his movements, a controlled energy. Or he gets excited about a point in the conversation, and he pounds facts home to you with caustic clarity. He has a complex, contradictory personality—always more challenging than someone you can read at a glance. You want to find out what makes him tick.

He is a little brusque. This is not rudeness so much as a directness. You get the feeling Burt believes life is passing at breakneck speed. As a boy, he didn't go to such affairs as school dances because he felt there wasn't enough time. There were more vitally urgent things to do. It is the same today. He can't be bothered to pussy- *(Please turn to page 70)*

"Mr. Average Joe"—with a difference. Burt, whose performances in "The Killers" and "Brute Force" made him the man of the year, follows through with a socko rôle in Universal-International's "All My Sons." Left below, with director Irving Reis; and with his fellow players Louisa Horton, Mady Christians, and Edward G. Robinson. Far left, facing page, Burt with Barbara Stanwyck in the picture he is making for Hal Wallis: "Sorry, Wrong Number," tense drama for Paramount release.

"What's the matter with us teen-agers, anyway?" asks Jane Powell.

"Why are people picking on us?" Janie knows the answer, and tells you

By Jack Holland

TEEN-AGERS

ARE teen-agers on trial for their lives, or something? All this yakking of so-called authorities about their bold, bad behavior is beginning to get under their skins. Sure, they can take a few well-aimed jolts on the chin—but, they say, "What's so wrong with us anyway? Why not ask *us?* You never can tell—*we* may know what makes us tick!"

Well, we can't give *all* you teen-timers space to speak up for your side so we picked Hollywood's most representative young star to speak for you. Jane Powell came right off the set of "Luxury Liner," ready and willing to talk about kids her own age.

"Here you have the chance to turn into an authority yourself," we told her. "What have you observed about your friends—the way they live, what they think about?"

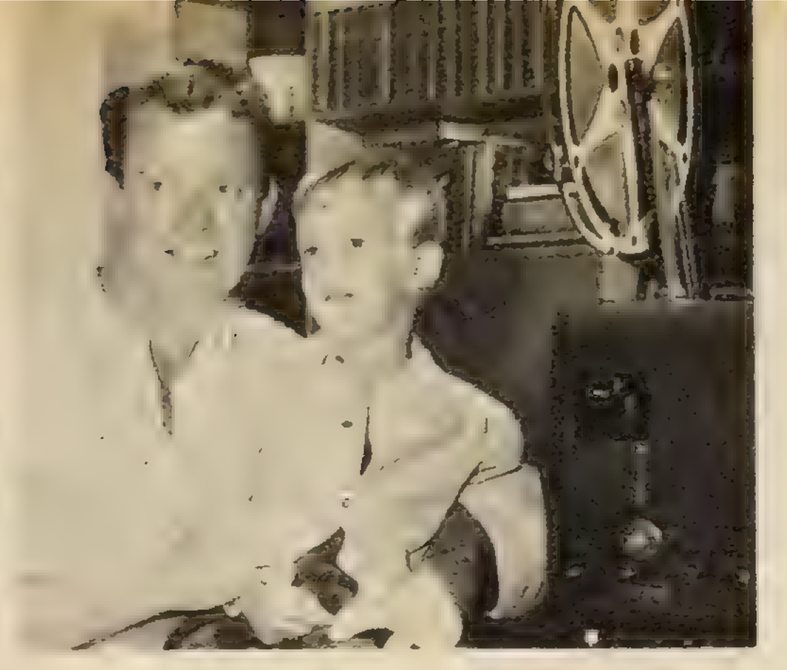
Jane began by saying honestly, "Of course the teen-agers I know the best are boys and girls who work in pictures, like myself. But after all, they're only normal boys and girls, so why shouldn't I use them as examples? Take Elizabeth Taylor. She's fun, she's full of the enthusiasm of youth that we all have—but it's not unregulated. She's working toward something concrete. She's building for the future. She takes her career seriously. So does Roddy McDowall. Sure, he dates and likes to go out, but he hasn't made the search for entertainment his whole purpose in life. He too has a definite goal.

"That's where we differ from other teen-agers," Janie went on, warming to her subject. "Most kids aren't too concerned about problems. Why should they be? They don't even wonder if they're happy or not, or if they're having an easy time of it. After all, the stage I'm in now—and all kids my age—is the in-between part of life. We're just getting a chance to do all the things we've wanted to do before but were too young for. So naturally it's pleasant. It's like exploring a new world. It's exciting—like an adventure. Everything's new and wonderful. It's a time that (*Please turn to page* 66)

Just because she's a movie star doesn't mean Jane Powell hasn't some of the same problems that trouble other teens. She thinks things through and passes the results along to you. Right, Janie entertains Claude Jarman, Jr., on the set of "Luxury Liner," her new MGM musical. Facing page, with her new leading man, handsome Tommy Breen. Below, Janie and Marina Koshetz cuddle Xavier Cugat's pet pooches; and Walter Pidgeon (who played Jane's pop in "Holiday in Mexico") strolls by the set for a visit.

on TRIAL

not concerned about the baby-sitting
the Paul Brinkman household. Jeanne
her husband can't imagine more fun of
ng than staying right at home minding
. Mom's latest film: "Apartment for Peggy."



Today Dennis is a topflight star for Eagle Lion, following up his hit in "T-Men" with another fine performance in "Raw Deal." Left above, he may be answering your letter. Son Timmy is pop's best fan. Right above, Dennis with Mrs. O'Keefe, the former actress, Steffi Duna.

By Ben Maddox

RIGHT MAN *Wrong Time*

NO MAN in Hollywood history has had better intentions and more resulting jinxes than Dennis O'Keefe. His is the story of the smart fellow who's always been right—at the wrong time. "Brother, what a beating an eager beaver takes!" he says now.

No bubble head, he's always known what he wanted, and he has been willing to work to get it. But what used to distinguish Dennis was the strict attention he paid to speed. Now he looks before he leaps. Since he has learned to be slower on the start and can wait for results, he's getting 'em. At last he is managing to be in the proper place, when Fate has the right other parties present. His hectic career has calmed down to match his now smooth private life.

Over a luncheon table at the Tail o' the Cock, this husky, six-foot-three star of Eagle Lion's "Raw Deal" punched across the moral of his experiences so far: "Check on the pay-off *before* you pitch in, or you'll be detoured! When I was fifteen I was enthusiastically batting on Hollywood's walls. My dad was a vaudeville star who'd gone into movie comedy shorts, and I wrote a scenario for him. I sold it to his studio for fifty bucks. Figured I'd become an actor myself, had to have adequate transportation and fram- (*Please turn to page* 52)

Starlet Lois Butler isn't the only teen-ager with a crush on O'Keefe!

If you're still waiting for that break that's eluded you so far, here's encouragement from Dennis O'Keefe, whose success was slow, but sure

COBINA'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD PARTIES

Gay group above includes movie director Billy Wilder, our Cobina, Gene Tierney, Phil Baker, and stage producer Jean Dalrymple at Mrs. Wright's party honoring Miss Dalrymple.

June parties are bustin' out all over! Come along with the celebrated social leader as she covers all the most exciting events

By Cobina Wright

AS MY friends, Rodgers and Hammerstein, would put it, "June is bustin' out all over" with parties here in Hollywood, with social events running the gamut from thrilling race track meets to an exhibition of art works by the movie stars, themselves.

All of these events keep Hollywood hostesses really busy, and I think one of these days I'm going to give a party just for all the charming hostesses who do so much to make screenland's social life such a glittering one.

Among those I would like to invite are those who, I believe, give the best and most interesting parties in the film colony. First lady, of course, is my great friend, Mary Pickford, whose lovely home, Pickfair, has been the scene of some of the most wonderful social functions of our time. Mary is not only a gracious and thoughtful hostess, but she is so universally loved that people from all walks of life—all occupations and professions—are eager to receive Pickfair invitations. Consequently, at Mary's home you may meet a great scientist like Einstein, a painter like Picasso, or a composer like Montemezzi. Her guest book reads like "Who's Who," all a-glitter with the most illustrious names.

Mary recently gave a party following the opening of the Movie Stars' Art Exhibit at the Hall of Art. This was an exhibit of paintings, water colors, and sculpture, all executed by movie stars, and the guests at Mary's that evening included many of the artists, all of whom were having a wonderful time comparing notes. Naturally some were amateurs, but everyone was really surprised at the professional quality of the whole exhibit. For example, I didn't know that Merle Oberon paints flowers which reflect her own exquisite beauty. Her pastel, "Orchids," was truly exotic. Elizabeth Taylor, whose father is a connoisseur of art, sculpted her own head, and when I asked her what she called it, she laughed and said, "Mona Lizzie." Marguerite Chapman looked around the gallery and said, "Cobina, it was probably rather nervy of me to enter my work, but so many others did, I just took a chance." Marguerite won a prize.

Bea Lillie's was the most amusing. A veteran of three months, she proudly exhibited a canvas titled "Daisies." After she showed it to me she said, "Do you know what I'm going to call the next one? 'Lilies,' by Lady Daisy Peel." There were hosts of entries and you would be amazed at the amount of talent revealed in the works of Lionel Barrymore. Edward G. Robinson, Lew Ayres, Diana Lewis, Ella Raines, June Haver, Hoagy Carmichael, Jeanne Crain, who is really very serious about her painting, and even little Margaret O'Brien.

But back to our leading hostesses. Joan Crawford is an outstanding one. Her recent party here for Noel Coward was pictorially a perfect example of how to entertain. Joan took over the swank Papillon Club and made a gala evening of it.

Fun! Cobina, Gene, and Jean, left above. At right, other guests included Constance Bennett and Reggie Gardiner. Left and right below, Cobina's selection of outstanding Hollywood hostesses: Mary Pickford, Mrs. Peter Rathvon, Greer Garson, Joan Crawford, Joan Bennett, Gene Tierney, Sonja Henie, Mrs. Harry Goetz.

Beautifully gowned in a glittering brocade strapless creation and dripping with diamonds, Joan received her 200 filmland guests, flanked on one side by Greg Bautzer and Noel on the other. Bautzer flew back from New York just for the one night, but Joan still emphatically denies those persistent rumors of wedding bells. I must say that she has never had a more devoted swain than Greg, however. They make a strikingly handsome couple.

Crowded into the small restaurant were Judy Garland, wearing an off-the-shoulder green dress, with her husband, Vincente Minnelli. Maria Montez tried to steal the fashion spotlight in a strapless and revealing silver gown, but I think she was out-dazzled by Mary Livingston, who had the lowest-cut decolletage and the most jewels. Mary, who came with hubby Jack Benny, told George Burns that she would love to hear Tony Martin and Dinah Shore sing together. George said that he would ask Jack to introduce them. Benny then said he didn't know them well enough to ask them, but he would see if Bob Taylor would. Bob in turn turned the issue over to Douglas Fairbanks, who kept the gag running all the way around the room, until finally Dinah and Tony, overcome with laughter, got up and duetted divinely. Jack Benny played his squeaky violin and then Noel Coward topped him by doing a travesty of Jack's act at the piano. What a truly priceless array of talent that only Hollywood could produce!

Gene Tierney, who was at Joan's party with Charles Feldman, is another of the most popular hostesses in Hollywood. Gene has a rare gift for getting people, even those who might be a little diffident, to have fun. She loves games at her parties and always has a new one to suggest as an ice-breaker. I've known more famous people to forget dignity and have fun at Gene's house than anywhere else. At a recent party that lovely Tierney girl asked each of her guests to come as some famous character in fiction, but not to tell anyone else. Then when they all arrived, all the guests tried to "identify" one another by asking questions about authors, dates and events in the novels they represented.

For musical parties, Mrs. Artur Rubinstein's gatherings always meet with great success. Although she (*Please turn to page* 64)

Oh joy, it's June!
Or will be, soon.
So we can croon
Beneath the moon—
Though even at noon
June makes you swoon.
Your number's five—
Girl, you're alive!
(Especially in June).

Karin Booth, who soothed your senses with her exquisite grace in "The Unfinished Dance," will next be seen in MGM's "The Big City," again co-starring Margaret O'Brien and Danny Thomas
Color photo by Clarence Bull.

Color photo by Clarence Bull.

JUNE

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30			

Girl of the Month • Kacin Booth

"THE IRON CURTAIN"

Love is the same in any language!

Anna and Igor found that out

when they had to fight to

preserve their happiness

Fictionized by Elizabeth B. Petersen

HE HAD left Anna less than two days before, but already the loneliness for her was like an ache in Igor's heart. If she were with him he would have felt less lost in this strange country.

There were three of them who had left Moscow together on that spring day in 1943, the other two so much more important than himself, because they were Major Kulin, the son of a man high in the party, and Colonel Trigorin, one of the foremost organizers in the entire Soviet Union. Yet it was Igor Gouzenko who was questioned first as Captain Bushkin, the attache who had met them at the Ottawa airport, ushered them into the office of Ilya Ranev, known officially as the Second Secretary of the Russian Embassy and to only a few, even among his own countrymen, as the Chief of the N. K. V. D., the Soviet Secret Police.

It was frightening, even to a man with nothing to conceal, to look into those penetrating eyes, and Igor found himself tensing as he stood rigidly at attention; reciting the rules he had memorized.

"I am now in a foreign country and must always be alert against enemies," he repeated slowly. "I must be careful of all manner of acquaintanceship. I must not engage in cordial conversation with any foreigner whatever. I must be respectful to neighbors but make no friends. I must never permit myself to be more drunk than either my guests or my host. A sober brain, a firm tongue and alertness—those must always be with me when I am with foreigners."

He had talked almost like a schoolboy, feeling the same relief as he came to the end, conscious that he had made no mistakes; and as Ranev began his questioning Igor's tension eased as he answered. He was born in Rogochevo, and yes, he had been in the Red Army serving in the cipher division of Military Intelligence; he was a member of the Young Communists' League and he had received instruction in coding and decoding at the Secret Intelligence School in Moscow and he had been assigned to the Military Attache's Office in Ottawa as a cipher clerk.

The questions had come with the rapidity of bullets fired from a machine gun, and relaxed in the knowledge he was talking to one of his own countrymen Igor had answered almost as quickly. Only as he finished and saw the venom in the eyes glaring at him, did he realize that something, he didn't realize what, was wrong.

"Idiot!" Ranev smashed his fist on his desk. "Before you left Moscow, you were given certain answers to the questions I asked you. Why didn't you use them?"

Gene Tierney and Dana Andrews are the co-stars of this unusual new film, novelized here. People will be talking about this picture!

So that was it! He had been tested again as he had so many times before. But how could he guess that this man whose ruthlessness was a byword had not wanted the correct information? Igor found himself trembling as the other cut off his attempted explanation.

"You will give those certain answers to everyone, no matter who," Ranev said sharply. "You will think, eat, sleep, breathe those answers—until you know no others. Where were you born?"

"In the town of Gorki, on Studeny Street," Igor said, and as the rest of the question came he answered them as glibly. No, he had never been a soldier, and he had come to Canada to act as translator and secretary to the Military attache.

"That's better," Ranev nodded in grudging approval. "I give only one warning. As a cipher clerk, you are a fountain of information. No one, not even members of the Embassy staff, must know who you are and what your work is. And now Bushkin will take you to the cipher section. That is all."

At his nod the Captain came forward, leading the way to the room on the second floor whose entrance was covered by a magnificent velvet curtain. But as it was drawn aside a heavy iron door was revealed, and only after Bushkin had placed his face against a small opening identifying himself, did it slowly begin to open.

Only afterwards, a long time afterwards, did Igor look back to that introduction to his new post and realize how grimly portentous it had all been. For that day, immured as he was to Soviet secrecy, he had accepted it as a commonplace. Nor did he question the friendliness of the pretty blonde girl he met seemingly by accident as he was leaving the Embassy.

He was thinking of Anna and he didn't even notice the tall, beautifully dressed girl until she came over to him as he was crossing the main foyer.

"I'm Nina Karanova, Comrade Ranev's secretary," she smiled as if they were old friends. "I'll tell you a secret. Your wife's transportation has been arranged. She leaves in three weeks."

There was that sudden, almost painful rush of happiness at the words. "Thanks for telling me," his answering smile came. "I'm lost without her and worried too, now that she is to have a child."

The girl looked at him teasingly. "You'd better look for a

place to live. I'll help you if you like."

He seized the offer eagerly, realizing how difficult it would be to go about finding a home in this strange country. "You're very kind," he said gratefully. "Perhaps if you're not busy tonight you would have dinner with me?"

"I'd like to," she said.

So instead of the loneliness he had dreaded there was the evening with this charming, gay girl. The food—there was more of it than he would have eaten in a week at home—was delicious, and the liquor was even more gratifying, giving him that relaxed, warm feeling; and in spite of all that he had heard of people in capitalistic countries he found himself liking the people sitting all around them.

"These Canadians are like Russians," he smiled. "They know how to enjoy themselves."

A shadow crossed her eyes. "There is not much to enjoy today in Russia," she sighed.

"What more can a man ask than to be one of the people's army fighting the Nazi enemy?" he demanded fervently, appalled at her frivolity in this crucial phase of the war.

"You were a soldier?" Her eyes widened.

She had taken him off-guard, but he stopped himself in time. "We workers are all soldiers in the great struggle for a classless society," he said, and then as the music changed to a waltz, he smiled. "That I can dance, if you would like to."

The music was soft and sensuous and the girl's slim body pressed against him as he held her, but it was not like dancing with Anna. No, even closing his eyes and pretending it was his wife he was holding again close and yielding, it was not like being with Anna, and he found himself missing her even more than he would in a lonely hotel room.

"I'm glad you came," the girl said suddenly as they went back to their table. "It has always been quiet in the Military Attache's office. The arrival of men like Colonel Trigorin and you means important changes. With you, for example, there will be many messages, secret messages, isn't that so?"

He had felt relaxed after all those drinks but now her words shocked him into alertness. "Yes," he said flatly. "I'm a very important man with all kinds of important secrets. Listen, I'll tell you one. My wife is very beautiful."

One eyebrow lifted coquettishly. "More beautiful than I?"

"Hers," his voice softened, "is a quiet kind of beauty, soft and warm and kind and honest and human. Yours is something carved out of granite, without heart or soul. You're not very clever. You have been away from Russia too long. Experience has provided new techniques. You should learn them. For one thing, never ask direct questions. Another, never be too obvious about your attractions."

Her eyes were cold, though a faint smile was still frozen to her lips. "It is better not to make an enemy of me, Comrade Gouzenko."

"I don't want to make an enemy of you any more than I want you to make a fool of me," he said quietly. Then lifting his drink he downed it in one furious swallow before he rose and bowed mockingly. "I drink vodka like a true Russian. I love my wife and I thank you for everything. And, of course, you will tell the truth about me or I will have to tell how easy it was to see through you."

Karanova had been a warning to him. For the next three weeks he kept to himself, careful not to get into unnecessary conversation even with his immediate superior, Lt. Vinikov. But even then so soon after his arrival there was much to keep him busy, for Trigorin's organization already started by secret members of the Party began expanding rapidly with the Colonel's arrival. Every day lists of new names were sent in code to Moscow; each day new names were added: professors, army and navy men, scientists, engineers—all Party members.

Then, it was on a wonderfully clear spring day, Anna arrived at the airport, and his heart was too full for words as he held her close. But the best part was taking her to the small apartment he had found, seeing her eyes widen as she looked around the small, simply furnished living room.

"Have they made you Ambassador?" she gasped. And then as he laughed and shook his head, she walked slowly around the room touching the imitation mahogany tables, the machine-made tapestry covering the chairs and the sofa. "But it's better than an engineer's flat, or even a factory manager's! It's—it's beautiful!"

It was like taking a child to fairyland, showing Anna their new home. The tiles in the bathroom, the hot and cold water coming from taps would have been enough to wonder over without the magic of a kitchen containing a stove that would spring to flame by the touch of a match and the greatest wonder of all, a refrigerator that actually made ice cubes.

It was such a happy, happy time exploring this new, unknown world with Anna. It was a wonderful thing just to walk the streets to look in store windows full of such treasures as neither thought existed. But the most amazing thing of all was to see the friendliness of these capitalistic strangers they had been warned to distrust. They could hardly believe their own eyes when they saw the posters asking for funds for the Russian War Relief, or when newspapers urged more lend lease goods for the Soviets. And once on a bus they held their breath as two soldiers were criticizing the West-

DANA ANDREWS
and GENE TIERNEY
in
"THE IRON CURTAIN"

Directed by William A. Wellman. Produced by Sol C. Siegel. Screen Play by Milton Krims. Based on the personal story of Igor Gouzenko, former Code Clerk, USSR Embassy in Ottawa, Canada.

Cast includes the following:

Igor Gouzenko.....Dana Andrews
Anna Gouzenko.....Gene Tierney
Karanova.....June Havoc
Mrs. Foster.....Edna Best
Ranev.....Stefan Schnabel
Major Kulin.....Eduard Franz
Col. Trigorin.....Frederic Tozere
Bushkin.....Noel Cravat

Copyright by 20th Century-Fox

he music was soft and sensuous and the girl's slim ody pressed against him as he held her, but it was ot like dancing with Anna. No, even pretending it as his wife he was holding again close and yielding, it as not like being with Anna. (June Havoc and Dana ndrews in scene at right.) Above, other highlights rom "The Iron Curtain" show Gene Tierney as Anna.

ern allies for not opening a second front to help Russia, certain they would be hustled off for questioning on the instant. But though they had spoken loud enough even for the policeman sitting across from them to hear no one paid any attention at all. That was one of the most difficult things to understand, this amazing freedom allowing anyone to say exactly what he pleased.

Anna spoke sometimes of a Mrs. Foster, who lived across the hall, and who had been particularly friendly though she had not accepted her neighborly overtures because of the strict rules laid down for Russians in foreign territory. But even that hadn't prepared him for the strange voices he heard that day when he came home a little early from the Embassy. "And," he heard a woman's voice saying as he unlocked the door, "we should take Mrs. Gouzenko shopping sometime and help her pick out some of the wonderful things we never get at home."

Suddenly he realized it was Karanova talking, and with his fear urging him on he hurried into the living room. He felt so frightened at the trap so obviously being laid for Anna that he could barely acknowledge the introduction to Mrs. Foster who was just leaving, though he saw the hurt come to Anna's eyes as he just stood there stiffly holding the door open.

"And this is Nina Karanova from the Embassy," Anna went on in a strained voice as the door closed behind her neighbor. "She dropped by to see if she could help."

"We have already met," Igor said. "Comrade Karanova makes it a point to meet everyone. She's friendly, very friendly." He (*Please turn to page* 60)

You Might As Well Have Fun!

Learn to relax and enjoy life, advises Merle, and practices what she preaches. Above, with her cameraman-husband, Lucien Ballard, in leisure hours at their Malibu beach home. Lucien photographed Merle in "Night Song" and "Berlin Express," her very latest for RKO, in which she co-stars with Robert Ryan, far right on facing page.

Merle Oberon believes that if you work hard, you've earned the right to play

Exclusive photos by Ernest A. Bachrach, RKO-Radio

By Lupton A. Wilkinson

VISITING Merle Oberon is always a pleasure. She is one of those people who is varied in her nature without being inconsistent. Her serious sides and her light sides are partly explained by her unusual childhood, which included Tasmania, then India, then a quick, necessary bread-winning in London. (The co-star with Robert Ryan of "Berlin Express" will be an American citizen by the time this is printed. A cosmopolite who found a home!)

In the Lucien Ballards' highly individual beach home—varied, reflecting Merle's general fine taste and her husband's keen knowledge of paintings—I was reminded of something significant the brunette, green-eyed star told me when I first interviewed her. She had just won a sure place on the American screen in "Dark Angel," "These Three" and "Wuthering Heights," and we talked that time from beach chairs at Santa Monica. "My father died before I was born," she said then. "We stayed with relatives. Mother had some money; but while we were visiting in India a bunco artist talked her into investing in an automobile factory. There wasn't any! So—soon, no money." An image of that time still lives: her mother weeping, each week, over family finances. "I told myself inside," Merle recalled, "'I'll grow up and do *something* so we won't have to eat someone else's food, sleep under someone else's roof, and depend upon someone else to pay our way.'"

Merle, in general, has consideration for other people. That, too, came from her early-day struggle, as did serious regard for her work. "I know I'm lucky to have had so much," she puts it. She's one actress who's never late on set, never needs director-scolding, never appears without her lines learned. And she believes in relaxation when you find time. "Make time," she advises. "It's the best medicine. Most people wait," she went on, "till they've lost capacity to enjoy. Fun, even rest, is often one of life's 'too lates.' The other way's smarter. I've a friend who makes very little money. For years she has set aside a small bit each week for 'throw-away' cash. She either buys with it some trifling thing that she considers an extravagance, or she saves for a small trip. To break routine and to feel free of everyday pressures, if only for an hour or two—that's the thing."

Merle herself had been getting ready for departure, the next day, on a trip that would combine that relaxation she believes in, with the taking of gifts to people she had come to know, understandingly, abroad. Her packing, explained when asked about, was that of a practiced traveler. One trunk, for large cities only; one suitcase, with skis, for Switzerland; one hot-weather suitcase (if Africa). "We'll leave the trunk at Paris," Merle said, "and drive, in Europe." Other baggage space would be for gift food and clothes.

The Lady Going Away talked with appreciation of her very good-looking photographer-husband, who was, of course, going with her. "Friends used to tease me," she said. "They'd ask, 'Doesn't working under your husband's eye all day make you wonder, when you sit down to dinner at night, whether he *mightn't like a change?*' The answer is, Lucien doesn't let me feel that way. He pays compliments, of course—has a Frenchman's consideration for a woman's self-esteem. But he adds a sounder quality. He never gives that impression, which I believe must wreck love where it exists, of constantly probing for perfection. What woman wants that?" Lucien has looked at his wife through the camera lens in "The Lodger," "This Love of Ours," "Temptation," "Night Song" and "Berlin Express." "This time," Merle said, "no work—fun." The fact that the trip was planned also to help others is typical of the Ballards.

Merle talked of the "Berlin Express" trip: shooting a picture in ruined cities; even in Berlin, the sight of a girl hauling logs "like an animal"; worse conditions in Frankfurt. Robert Ryan, Paul Lukas, Charles Korvin, Robert Coote and Merle tried side trips, but what they saw ended any desire to sight-see. Heidelberg, which American airmen had spared because of its historic university, was "as if all spirit were dead."

At work, Merle had no hair-dresser, makeup man nor wardrobe woman. This didn't bother *(Please turn to page 55)*

If you're one of those kids who think the world's against them because they're not getting ahead, listen to Farley Granger. He's 22—and going places fast

By Jon Bruce

"THERE'S no doubt in my mind —I've had all the luck!"

It was Farley Granger who was talking. And making a surprising admittance. Why surprising? Well, the talented and personable kid, in the minds of many in Hollywood, has had anything but luck. He had started a promising career when, like many another boy, he went off into service during the war. After two and a half years with the Navy, a good part of which was spent overseas, Farley returned without the benefit of flash publicity that greeted the homecoming of some other stars. Almost two years have since passed. People began to say, "Whatever happened to Farley Granger?" So—where's the luck come in?

"Why should my saying that surprise you?" Farley asked me when he saw me go into a double-take. "Just look at the facts: I'm under contract to Samuel Goldwyn and that's a good start for a young guy like me. As for my time in the service, I don't regret that because I learned plenty while I was in the Navy. And now I'm getting the most important break of all in the picture I'm making at RKO, 'Your Red Wagon.' It's important to me because it's the first time I've ever had a chance to play a grown-up romantic lead. Cathy O'Donnell, who was so good in 'The Best Years of Our Lives,' plays opposite me. Everything hinges on this picture. But Mr. Goldwyn is already impressed enough to start looking for stories in which to team Cathy and me." Farley let one of his half- (*Please turn to page 72*)

How

In RKO's "Your Red Wagon," Farley's first picture since his Navy release, he plays opposite Cathy O'Donnell, at top left. It's a strong drama with both kids giving good performances in strictly unglamorous rôles.

How Young Can You Get?

Cathy O'Donnell is another Hollywood youngster with ideals and determination to make a shining success of her movie career. It could happen to you, too, with her perseverance

By Gladys Hall

CATHY doesn't live in this world. Cathy lives in the trunk of a forest tree. On a cloud. On the fluted edge of a wave. In a daydream. In a garden no one but Cathy sees, or ever will. In a bit of her Promised Land, "which some people," Cathy says, "call Hollywood."

In Greensboro, Alabama, where Cathy lived as a child with her beautiful strange Aunt Jetty, Aunt Jetty's house was at the edge of town where the woods began. The garden of Aunt Jetty's house met the woods and sometimes in one, sometimes in the other, Cathy spent her dreaming days. "All my childhood," Cathy says, "seems ringed around with woods."

Before Cathy went to live with Aunt Jetty, she lived in the little cotton mill town of Siluria, Alabama, population 200 souls, where she was born and christened Ann Steely. Producer Sam Goldwyn changed her name when he gave her the part of *Wilma* in "The Best Years of Our Lives"—her very first movie rôle. "Steeley," Mr. Goldwyn said, "sounds too hard, too cold."

So, for the little five-foot, four-inch girl with the leaf-brown hair and leaf-brown eyes and rose-leaf skin and heart-shaped face and uptilted nose, it does.

"Something Irish," Mr. Goldwyn suggested. "O'Donnell," he said.

"I chose the Cathy," Cathy says, "after the part Merle Oberson played in 'Wuthering Heights,' which I saw dozens of times, over (*Please turn to page* 62)

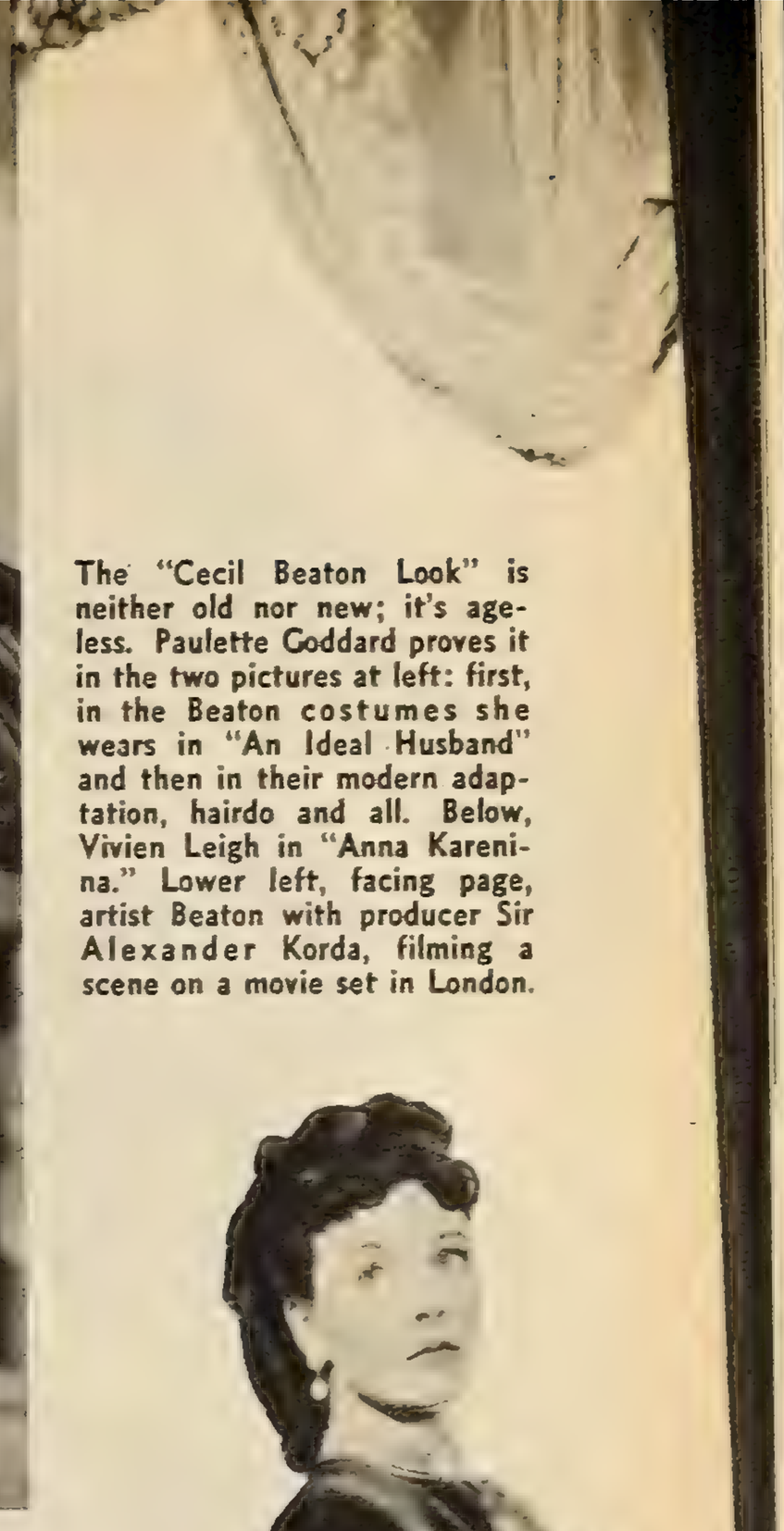
After her realistic rôle in RKO's "Your Red Wagon," on facing page, Cathy goes in for glamor in Eagle Lion's "The Mystic," which co-stars the suave continental, Turhan Bey, at top right.

"Modest is as modest does," Beaton says. Above and left, Paulette in "An Ideal Husband" garb; right, today's trend.

Women Are What They Wear

"MODEST is as modest does," you say. "Extreme decolletage, such as I designed for Paulette Goddard in 'An Ideal Husband' can be, according to the woman who wears it, and how she wears it, very naughty; or it can be as decorous as the sable capes and sombre shades I gave Vivien Leigh in 'Anna Karenina.' As decorous, come to that, as the New Look which is, shall we face it, just a different way of starting The Chase. If you ask me what I think about women wearing the New Look, I would make an epigram and say the New Look is wearing them!"

You are a blessing to the ladies, Mr. Beaton, really you are. You are English. You are tall, slender, witty, very elegant and unmarried. Your diction is remindful of Ronald Colman. Your manners are what novelists call "old-world." You are a painter, Mr. Beaton, chiefly in your favorite medium, which is water color. You write, having authored a number of books and magazine articles. You are internationally famous as a photographer of extraordinary effects—some of which you get, I'm told, by standing, camera in hand, on your head. As an actor, and loving it, you recently played the rôle of *Cecil Graham* in "Lady Windermere's Fan," for which you also designed the costumes and the sets. You also, of course, or what am I doing here, design costumes for pictures—most recently, the startling gowns worn by Paulette Goddard and cast in "An Ideal Husband"; the equally sumptuous but more sombre gowns worn by Vivien Leigh and cast in "Anna Karenina."



The "Cecil Beaton Look" is neither old nor new; it's ageless. Paulette Goddard proves it in the two pictures at left: first, in the Beaton costumes she wears in "An Ideal Husband" and then in their modern adaptation, hairdo and all. Below, Vivien Leigh in "Anna Karenina." Lower left, facing page, artist Beaton with producer Sir Alexander Korda, filming a scene on a movie set in London.

Just how new is the "New Look"? Famed artist-designer Cecil Beaton unfolds fascinating facts about the fashions of yesterday, today, and tomorrow—in this Memo from Gladys Hall

It is in your medium as a designer of fabulous gowns, hats, even hairdos that you are a blessing to the ladies. You would never make sport of a woman who voiced the stock complaint, "I haven't a thing to wear!" You know too well that —I quote you—"Women *are* what they wear."

You believe clothes create moods in the women who wear them; that in fine lace a woman is one woman; in dark green velvet, she is another woman; in gingham, yet another. You believe that color influences mood, manners, even morals. You add, "I think color makes a great deal of difference to the mood of an actress; that the color she wears colors her performance. If, therefore, an actress dislikes a particular color, I believe she should have the right of refusal and in a picture of which I am," smiling, you coined the phrase, "the Designing Director, she has that right. The grays, the dark greens, burgundy are," you explain, "the sombre colors. White and the pale blues, such as you see in religious paintings, the colors of virginity, of purity and of peace. Pink, more than any other, is the color of frivolity.

You say reflectively, with relish, "The different moods you can create in costuming—what I enjoyed so much about costuming 'Anna Karenina' and 'An Ideal Husband,' one after the other, was that they are so different; give such a range of mood, manner and character. One, 'An Ideal Husband,' a light delightful trifle; the other, 'Anna Karenina,' with the taste of doom, of fate, hanging over the different characters. Wonderful to go from the silly to the sombre; from Vivien Leigh's nobility and 'grand passion' to Paulette, naughty Paulette, under the stigma of being rather 'fast' and, in the same picture, Diana Wynyard playing the reverse of Paulette."

You are inclined to believe that the clothes in "Anna Karenina" will have "Quite an effect. The very long waistline, the tight, thin pointed waistline. The very 18th Century shoulders. No shoulder seams. All cut on the cross as they were in the 18th Century—and in these costumes Vivien looks charming, very charming, so neat and strong." You add, "Now, if the New Look had changed the waistline, we would have an innovation. It hasn't. It isn't. It is simply a return to Charles the Second; to the very feminine silhouette; to the long skirts replacing the brief, natty little suits; to the off-the-shoulder decolletage for evening; and, as such, I am all for it. Or I will be when the women the New Look is wearing become acclimatized which, by the time this piece is printed, they may have done.

"Currently, they have not. As of today, you see the New Look walking down the street and, in it, an unidentified woman; a woman who has bought a pig; is wearing, very self-consciously, a giant counterpane. Girls and women who have suddenly assumed the New Look look, every one of them, like Christian Dior models—even Marlene Dietrich, who had never before resembled anyone but Marlene. (*Please turn to page* 56)

This navy spun linen can be worn with or without jacket, by Nitē Club. White pique trim with red leather belt.

Fetchingly lovely is Bonita in this yellow marquisette, off-shoulder frock, at top, by Nite Club.

Black and pink printed pure silk with off-shoulder neckline, in ankle length. A Junior Formal.

Printed chintz strapless and marquisette scarf, at top, carries through print motif. By Nite Club.

Gray striped ankle length cotton worn with matching shawl-like scarf. Sizes 7-15 by Junior Formal.

JUNE

FORMALS

Bonita Granville scores

a hit in gay formals

for June prom trotting

By Mary Ellen Martin

Bonita Granville is a dream to behold in this Junior Formal white organdy with eyelet trim and green sash. Sizes 7-15. Bonita is next starring in Allied Artists' "Strike It Rich," produced by her husband, Jack Wrather.

For name of store nearest you write to the manufacturers listed on page 72

PHOTO PREVIEWS

"Are You with It?" Well, we are, when such clever kids as Donald O'Connor and Olga San Juan, left, and Martha Stewart, right, go into their songs and dances for Universal-International's bright new musical, adapted from the Broadway hit.

Important drama: "Another Part of the Forest," U-I's screen version of Lillian Hellman's Broadway success, with Fredric March starring, and Ann Blyth, left above, John Dall, far right, and Betsy Blair (Mrs. Gene Kelly) in the lustrous cast. "Another Part of the Forest" is the sequel to "The Little Foxes," in which Tallulah Bankhead starred on the stage and Bette Davis on the screen.

Dona Drake and Dan Duryea play a romantic twosome in "Another Part of the Forest." Duryea is the only member of the cast who also appeared in "The Little Foxes," both on stage and screen.

"Up in Central Park" is the new Deanna Durbin musical, also based on a Broadway stage show of the gay nineties, with Vincent Price playing the rôle of Boss Tweed in his sardonic style.

New Yorkers will derive nostalgic satisfaction from the Central Park scenes. Above, Deanna and co-star Dick Haymes as her youthful lover enjoy a swing on the colorful carousel.

Winners! Darryl Zanuck, Best Production, "Gentleman's Agreement"; Loretta Young, Best Actress Performance, "The Farmer's Daughter"; Edmund Gwenn, Best Supporting Actor, "Miracle on 34th Street"; Celeste Holm, Best Supporting Actress, "Gentleman's Agreement"; Ronald Colman, Best Actor, "A Double Life."

Here's Hollywood Gossip

"FAMILY Album" night in Hollywood! As Jean Hersholt, President of The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, so poignantly put it: "We in Hollywood are a sentimental race of people." Thus did 6200 willing and wistful pay tribute to the winners of the Twentieth Annual Academy Awards Presentation at the Shrine Civic Auditorium.
Best Actor: Ronald Colman (a star for 25 years) in "A Double Life." When Olivia deHavilland (last year's "Mrs. Oscar") made the presentation, Mrs. Colman (the former Benita Hume) in black lace over flesh satin, dazed and delighted, just sat there and whispered: "Oh, Ronnie, I *knew* it!" Calm, poised, the Colman speech (his hair looked like silver satin in the spotlight) was the most dignified of the evening.
Best Actress: Loretta Young (in pictures since 1926) in "The Farmer's Daughter." Looking like a glamorous head of lettuce, Loretta, in many yards of billowing, hooped emerald green taffeta, barely managed to squeeze in and out of her seat. "Being a nominee," she radiantly announced, "this time I dressed for the stage—just in case." Then (as she kissed her "Oscar") she sighed and said: "At long last!"
Best Supporting Actor: British born Edmund Gwenn, in "The Miracle of 34th Street." When the 70-year-old "Santa Claus" announced he really *did* believe in "the old boy with the long white beard," the rafters really rang. "Thank you for

Gossip by Weston East

the greatest moment in my life," he managed to add.

Best Supporting Actress: Celeste Holm (practically new in Hollywood) in "Gentleman's Agreement." In a powder blue satin dress (which no one knew she made herself) the celestial one made a touching speech and got so touched all over again, she returned to the mike to say how proud she was to "belong" to Hollywood. "From now on just call me 'little gay Holm of the west,'" she told everyone.

Best Director: Elia Kazan, for "Gentleman's Agreement." With great humility, this former New York Group Theater actor (who started in Hollywood as an actor in "Blues in the Night") spoke with heart, as the words touchingly, haltingly, came from his lips. "I'm so grateful," he said—again and again. And everyone knew there was no "prepared" speech, for he isn't the type.

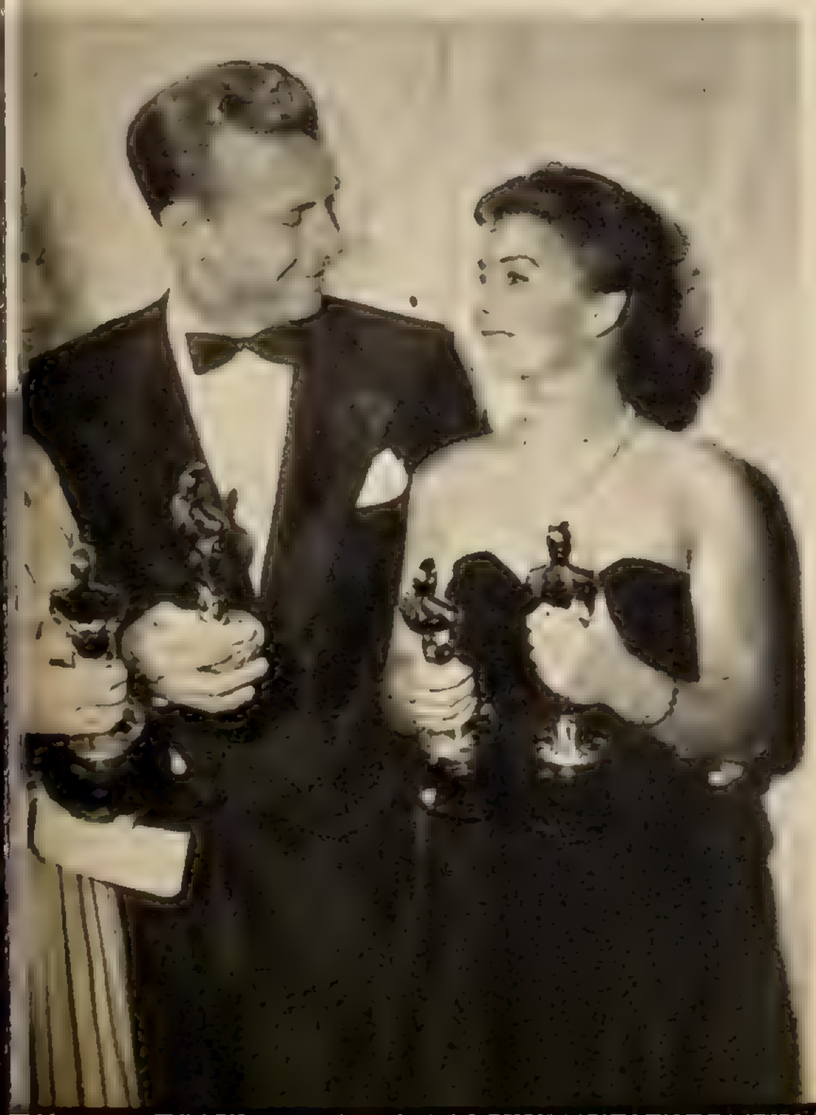
Most deserving Special Award, most beautifully and simply presented: James Baskett, distinguished Negro actor in "Uncle Remus." Ingrid Bergman (wearing her *Joan of Arc* bob) all in white, minus make-up and superficiality, extended her hand with her heart and an Oscar in it. Unlike the perfectionist she is on the screen, the lovely lady "blew" her lines, admitted she felt very shaky inside, and finally summed it up, "I'm sure you know what I mean." Even if they hadn't, they would have loved her just the same.

Sweetest introduction: Robert Montgomery, speaking of Shirley Temple: "She's our old friend — and our new mother."

Most amusing introduction: Dick Powell (who introduced Dinah Shore, Dennis Day, Frances Langford and Gordon McCrae as they sang the Best Original Songs): "After hearing them, now I know I was smart to get out in time."

Memorable moments: One empty spotlight focused on the center of the darkened stage. The sound-recorded voice of the ill-fated Grace Moore, singing "One Night Of Love" . . . The screen "appearance" of the late and beloved Ernst Lubitsch, just a year ago there in person, to receive his award for his "25 years as an outstanding director" . . . Jean Simmons, petite British

At top of page, left, Ken Murray receives a special award for his production, "Bill and Coo," with Ingrid Bergman officiating; right, Donald Crisp congratulates winners Celeste Holm and Elia Kazan, who turned in the Best Direction, "Gentleman's Agreement." Center left, the Gregory Pecks take seats for the big event; right, Susan Hayward and Jess Barker stop in spotlight for our cameraman, Len Weissman. Above left, together again, Guy Madison and Gail Russell hold hands at the show; right, the happy Colmans.



Twenty times have the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences awarded Hollywood's most outstanding talent of the year. Ronald Colman, an established star of twenty-five years, has watched nineteen of these memorable events pass. Loretta Young, a star for fifteen years, also has watched—patiently. That's why Hollywood and fans alike are pleased to pay tribute to these two fine stars, seen at far left with their prized "Oscars." Center, on opposite page, Olivia deHavilland presents Award to Ronald Colman. Right, on opposite page, Anne Baxter gives "Oscar" to Edmund Gwenn for his "Santa Claus" in "Miracle on 34th Street." Left, Agnes Moorhead and Dick Powell, two of the long list of talented M.C.'s and British star Jean Simmons, who accepted awards to J. Arthur Rank whose pictures, "Great Expectations" and "Black Narcissus" won five technical Bests. Right, Ingrid Bergman presents special award to James Baskett for Uncle Remus in Walt Disney's "Song of the South."

photos by Len Weissman

SCREENLAND'S Publisher, Homer Rockwell, greets Ronald Colman, winner of Academy Award, at the party given by Walter Wanger and Eagle Lion Studios for the British star, Jean Simmons, on her arrival from Fiji Islands where she made exterior scenes for J. Arthur Rank's picture, "The Blue Lagoon." Below, Ingrid Bergman, Jean Simmons and Ronald Colman; right, honor guest chats with Joan Crawford.

signer Adrian proud in a gown of gold, with man-about-town Fefe Ferry . . . Newly-weds Martha Vickers and A. C. Lyles holding hands while the winners held Oscars . . . And Claude Jarman, a head taller than he was last year, when he won a special "junior" sized statue . . . Time and the Academy Awards march on in Hollywood.

WELL, it finally happened. That public meeting between Lana Turner and Linda Christians, we mean. Lana was fixing her lovely face in the powder room of a swank Beverly Hills restaurant when Linda walked in. A couple of other gal witnesses (one was our informant) held their breath and expected to be "in" on a big scene. Tyrone Power's past and present merely nodded and created no "history" for his future!

JUST at closing time, Howard Duff dashed into a local jewelry store and bought a diamond ring. In less time than it takes to tell, reporters and photographers were staked out at every airport. In all the excitement, no one thought to call Ava Gardner, who was right at home, and ask if she was eloping! "What? Oh, yes—the ring was a birthday present for Howard's mother who lives in Seattle."

JEAN Arthur walked on the "A Foreign Affair" set, caught a glimpse of a group of "tourists," and fled to her dressing room. But even Jean had to laugh at her own shyness, when she was informed the

star of "Great Expectations," in Hollywood on a "three day pass," doing a marathon as she accepted *three* Oscars in the name of J. Arthur Rank.

Highlights of the evening: Gail Russell and Guy Madison, causing "night blindness" with so many flashing bulbs . . . Sonja Henie, very thin, very pretty and very wrapped-up in her unknown escort . . . nominee Joan Crawford, simply chic with simply adoring Greg Bautzer . . . June Havoc (carrying pearl-handled opera glass) wearing her hair hanging to her waist, with her husband, bearded radio producer Bill Spier . . . the happy Cornel Wildes (how many trips up the aisle can you make?) . . . Patricia Neal, who received five distinguished New York stage awards for her performance in "Another Part of the Forest," receiving *no* recognition when the fans went wild over her escort, Jack Carson . . . Rosalind Russell (whom Hollywood was positive would win) going to three night clubs, until she located Loretta Young at Ciro's and congratulated her . . . Ann Sothern doing herself and de-

tourists were actually actors, who were "dressed up" to lend background atmosphere.

MORE than anything else in the whole world, Kathryn Grayson has wanted a baby. Now she and Johnny Johnston expect the stork this fall. Johnny, who has two children by a former marriage, was so pleased himself, he sat right down and composed a lullaby. It's titled "Baby Blues" and is dedicated to his adored wife.

GUESS who's nudging out Lana Turner and Judy Garland in the MGM fan mail department? It's sweet little Janie Powell, who's the idol of every college boy in the country. Janie likes the college boys, too—especially one named Tommy Batten. She dates him in preference to the Hollywood juveniles, who always want to be "seen" at Ciro's.

WATCHING Audrey Totter do a scene with Robert Montgomery on "The Saxon Charm" set recalls a recent conversation at a Hollywood party. "Audrey is thinking seriously of marrying Lew Ayres," said a close Totter friend. "I hope she doesn't. Lew is much too intense. He'd make her very unhappy." Personally, we think she'd be doggone lucky.

IF PETER Lawford has his way (and he has a charming way of getting it) he'd like to meet Shelley Winters. We might add every eligible bachelor in Hollywood has the same idea. Shelley played that terrific little waitress who caused Ronald Colman to live "A Double Life." She's a former model who's really going places.

DON'T be a bit surprised if handsome Rory Calhoun gives Fred Astaire a run for his money! Rory's devoting all his time and attention to Vera Ellen these days. And that little lady of the twinkling tootsies is devoting part of her time to teaching him to tap. They hope to make a beautiful musical together.

Deltah—favorite of the fashion-wise!

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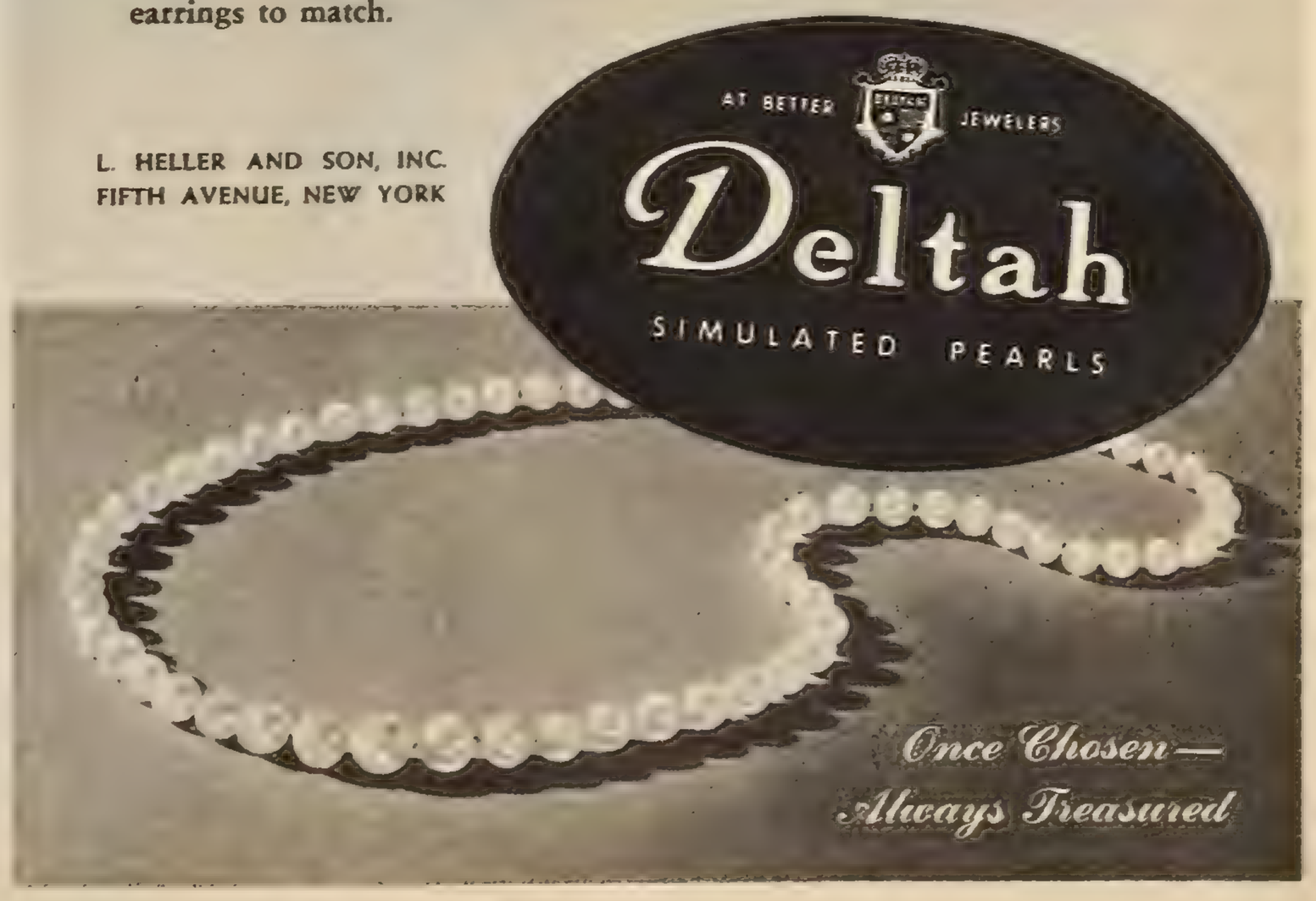


★

SCREENLAND SALUTES (AND "DISCOVERS") MONTGOMERY CLIFT

★

We want to go on record right now as acclaiming Montgomery Clift the most important young find in years! Broadway had already "discovered" him but it remained for MGM to cast him in "The Search" and thus call movie-goers' attention to this exciting personality and amazingly gifted actor

Femme film-goers are certain to elect Montgomery Clift their "young man of the year" and cry "encore" for future Hollywood assignments. The gals who picked Peter Lawford and Gregory Peck can't miss with Montgomery Clift.

Montgomery Clift plays the sympathetic young American who "adopts" the little wanderer, towheaded, appealing, nine-year-old Ivan Jandl, aided by Wendell Corey, below, in "The Search," magnificent picture filmed for the most part in the American zone in Germany and sure to meet with a heartwarming reception from audiences in search of fine, honest entertainment.

Robert Young takes over the turntable when he pays Fred Robbins a visit on his popular airshow.

Les Brown, Elliot Lawrence, Robbins, and Buddy Clark pick favorite cookie. Below, Fred with Peggy Ann Garner.

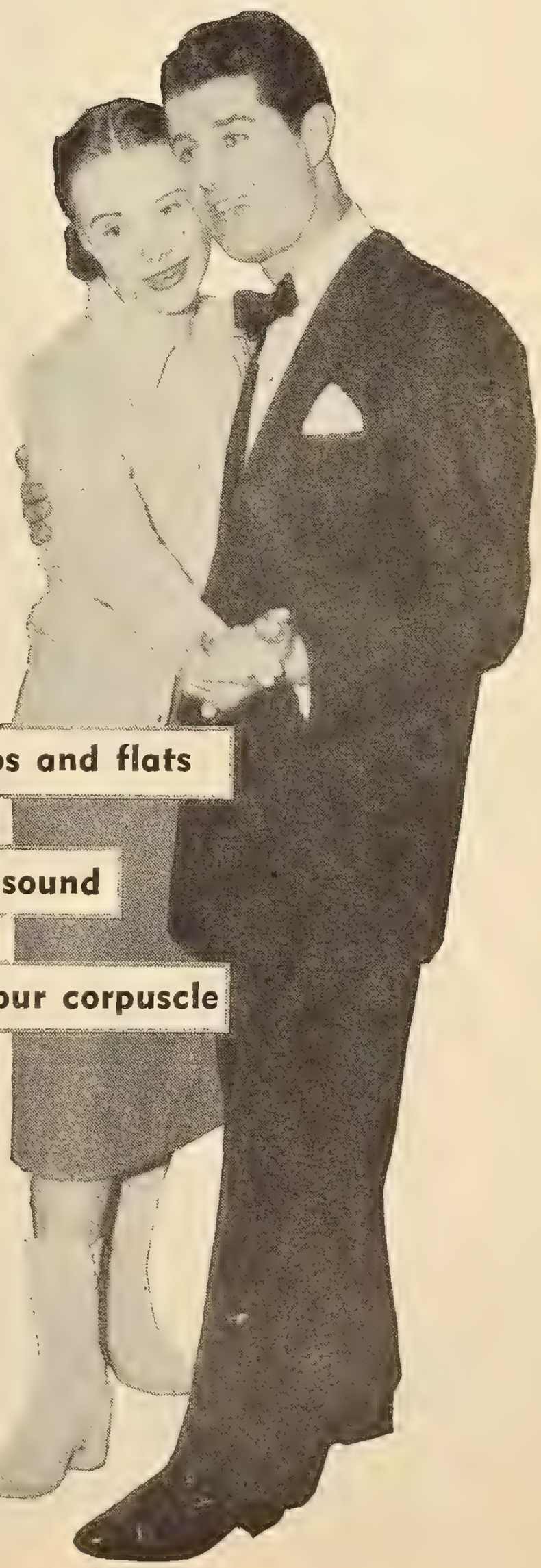
FRED ROBBINS

Right off the Record

HYA, Claire; are you solid in there? Well, get out of that lair and lend your nose to that air!

M-m-m, just smell it! Leave us raise aloft the milk-white rose and perfume the night! Throw back my convertible top and call me sun-tanned! Summer! Eeehooo! After all that white precipitation here in the concrete jungle this past winter, we live! And we listen and glisten as the fresh waffles go riding around our griddle even as we do around the countryside.

What's that fine piece of steel pickin' up these days? Oh, oodles and buckets of nice noise that help clean out the cobwebs in your brain, Elaine.



HEAVENLY!

FRANKIE CARLE: Coupla hunks of summer fluff from the promising thorax of Gregg Lawrence, that gorgeous theme from "Lost April" that Cary Grant played on the harp. (Watch for Nat Cole's great biscuit, too.) Turn the "golden touch and such" on his tummy and out comes "Dreamy Lullaby" by the kids who scribbled "Rumors are Flying," perf for June with its summer nostalgia. (Columbia)

SARAH VAUGHN: More worchestershire, dear, by the gal who's "gone," under whose dexterous larynx such wonderful things happen. 'Specially "Gentleman Friend" from "Make Mine Manhattan," with some of the tasty piano of Jimmy Jones all around it. Sarah's gonna find scads of new gentleman and lady friends with this fetching etching. Give her a flip, and you cop "Love Me or Leave Me" which comes on like baked Alaska so you've got to do the former. That's so easy with Sarah Vaughn. (Musicraft)

DANNY KAYE AND THE ANDREWS SISTERS: "It's a Quiet Town in Crossbone County," "Big Brass Band from Brazil." Danny puts his arms around the Andrews gals for *(Please turn to page 68)*

Right Man, Wrong Time

Continued from page 27

ing, so I spent forty of that haul for a Model T, and the other ten for makeup." His first inkling of the uncertainty of the films followed quickly. Another comedian was assigned to the story Dennis had tailored for his pop. Dennis' own initiation into acting was as cock-eyed as Hollywood frequently is.

"No big studio would let me through their gates. But I met a pretty girl from Texas, who was being promoted to stardom by a kind uncle. I talked the two of them into letting me be their location manager. After I found all their exterior scenery, I also became their second assistant director, their assistant cameraman, and persuaded them I could be the villain who pursued her in their plots. They made two particularly minor epics, paying me fifty dollars per picture." He didn't get rich or acquire prestige, but then the dazzler from Dallas didn't glow into a star, either!

Undaunted, Dennis pushed into kid slapstick comedies. He made a microscopic impression. He retired to college to stall for a season or so. At seventeen he was an uninhibited freshman at the University of Southern California when his dad suddenly died. "I was head of the family overnight, couldn't be choosy. Quit college and grabbed a job in a theater, in the chorus of a stage musical. They stuck me in their back row because I was so tall. That was lucky, for I never could learn how to tap. I faked from the hips up!"

Old pals of his dad said he should try vaudeville. He didn't pause to foresee that it was finished. With a buddy he excited over the prospects, he revived his father's famous funny golf act. On the small-time, four-a-day Western circuit they met the brutal indifference the public was extending to all vaudeville.

"I came back to Hollywood determined to become a good stage actor. For a year all I landed in plays were walk-ons. Then I climbed to four minor parts in four shows. After which I discovered the theater was really on Broadway." With no money to cross the continent, he tried the movies again. "Another dead end because I began at the bottom, as an extra. In Hollywood the difference between an extra and an actor is the difference between entering a house by the back versus the front door. You stamp yourself as unimportant. All that's required is that you own a big expensive wardrobe and be able to endure long, dull hours standing in backgrounds. Half the time during that existence I was hungry. I shared a tiny apartment with two other extras and we loaned each other dimes. Each of us bought his own food, did his own cooking and dishwashing. Talk of community spirit! We had to assemble a community wardrobe, so whichever of us got a call could be helped by the others. I was the only tall guy, so often had to go out and rent spare pants. We shared one phone with the whole floor, which was inhabited completely by fellow extras. There were many bright fellows struggling in vain besides me; I even had Yale and Oxford graduates as competition. They proved you have to take your education to the right place!"

When Dennis gradually recognized he'd foolishly set his own ceiling, he switched to another impetuous attack on Hollywood. This time he was a stunt man. He doubled for three of our top male stars. After taking terrible chances, he gradually guessed there was no value in remaining just senseless. One day, weighted down with a tricky cowboy suit, chaps, two heavy guns, and toting a silver saddle, Dennis had to run up to a

fifteen-foot chasm and jump it. He recalls dickering with the director. "Can't you make this wonder boy a ten-foot, instead of a fifteen-foot hero?" he inquired. The director, melted by the accompanying wide smile, obliged and ordered the two cliffs moved five feet closer together.

"But I still wasn't eating regularly, so I barrelled off on another track. I tried to write scenarios. Quickie studios just sneezed in disdain. But Warners bought one of my screenplays. And then I couldn't sell another."

His mother begged him to forget the hard show world. She got an influential family friend to offer him good starts in five different business fields. "I picked wholesale plumbing," says Dennis, "for I figured that was something everybody'd have to use." In coveralls at first, in two years he was a snappy junior salesman. It was infuriatingly prosaic. Driving by RKO one morning, he dropped in casually to chin with a pal who'd risen to assistant casting director there. A film brother was urgently needed for Arthur Lake, and it was suggested Dennis essay the rôle. The O'Keefe will was steadfast until the leading lady's name was murmured. She had been his secret sorrow for years; this was the chance to know her. He dumped the bathroom fixture he was carrying in his car to display, and handled the rôle with verve. He failed to win the lovely lady after their acting hours, but he stayed in pictures. As a bit player.

"I had one line to say and I said it for a couple of years. I played a chauffeur, I sat at a switchboard, I was a soldier. Then it dawned on me I was as stymied as I'd been as an extra. An actor must have opportunities to show what he can do. I swore I'd concentrate on bits in A films only, passed up bigger pay to act only bits with significance. I eventually did an amusing scene as a drunk in a Crosby picture. A good little bit at Columbia resulted in stock contract offers from three studios. I went to Metro and thought I was set."

He wasn't. He wasn't aware enough about love, either. With typical breeze he blithely married a cute society deb who'd come West merely for fun. They settled down in a rose-covered cottage in the San Fernando Valley and were never more miserable. He had to learn the hard way that impulsive attraction isn't sufficient for happiness. They split.

He thought that when a top star recommended him his luck would change. Clark Gable personally asked Metro's test director to make a showcase test of Dennis. It then languished unseen in a can on a shelf for a whole year, life being like that. Finally a Metro producer, searching for a rugged hero to replace Jimmy Stewart, then too ill and thin to play a fighter, uncovered that reel of film and shouted with joy. So Dennis became a leading man.

One night he went dancing on the Sunset Strip, and because he fell asleep driving home crashed into a milk truck. He fractured both his nose and a knee,

Veronica Lake hides her feminine charm, notable at left, in bathing suit, vintage of gay nineties, below, in her new Paramount picture, "The Sainted Sisters."

convalesced for twenty weeks. When he returned to MGM he felt like the forgotten man. He requested his release, supposing that headlining in Bs at eager other studios was better than the slow, steady Metro build-up. He was eventually sorry. "You might as well stay in Kankakee as be in Bs. I had to inch back into As by seeking supporting rôles in them."

But he didn't have to make this last siege alone. In his last B, raven-haired Hungarian dancer Steffi Duna was cast opposite him. Both were ready for a real marriage. "I bought a print of that picture to keep for our children," he confesses with his broad grin—now in their eighth year of happiness, the O'Keefes have two kids they adore. Dennis let Steffi decide not to go on acting. Then she admitted she'd been praying for an excuse to quit careering.

"Thanks to her wonderful personality I've many more friends than I had alone. She's loaded with warmth. Whenever we meet new people they end up with, 'We've got to see you both again!' and I know they mean Steffi, mostly. She's retained her individuality, and that I like. For instance," he details, "she wakes up, as she phrases it, 'verrry difficult.' She especially hates to be jarred by too early phone calls. She's definite. There's nothing chi-chi about her, and if she doesn't like you, you'll know it. I hang onto a couple of old friends who bore her, and when I tiptoe out to see them she spots me with an 'Oh, murrr-der, but go ahead!' "

They've shared continuous fun constantly improving their Beverly Hills home. "When we first saw it we thought, 'Frightening!' It was an overdone Monterey monstrosity, all gowed up with ginger-bread. We went back with a flashlight at night and visualized what we've since done. We've squared the arches, lifted floor-length windows, sealed up gloomy niches, bleached the dark woodwork, made the unused porch along the living-room into a bar, converted the guest house into an office-projection room for the work I put in on scripts. Steffi has a great knack with live, bright colors. She shook her head at the ten-by-twenty-five-foot wall at the head of our staircase and had it painted a solid, marvelous red."

Aside from a commitment with Edward Small for two films annually, which gives him security, Dennis has purposely free-lanced for the past eight increasingly successful years. He's really different—he'd much rather have the same wife than the same studio! I know his emotional satisfaction at home enables him to stand firmly in the world away from his family.

He rates Cary Grant our best actor. Still notably enthusiastic, he recommends a college education and a direct assault on Broadway as a better route to where he is, instead of the diverse deals he sampled. After his newest film he took off with moderate speed for Phoenix to enter the Arizona amateur golf tournament. He is good on the greens because he's finally learned to keep his eyes right on the ball. His best years hover on the horizon, for Dennis is one whirlwind who tamed his self-made turmoil.

LITTLE LULU by Marge

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WHEN it comes to exciting colors to wear with pretty summer pastels, you will find Chen Yu right in the middle of the excitement with a true complement for your wardrobe. This time it is a new color exotically entitled, Coral Fan. The new shade is sort of a sun-tinted pink that will look wonderful with tanned hands and complexions. Matched, too, for they have put out the new shade in lipstick and nail lacquer. Here's a good idea for a graduation gift or shower present, for it comes in a fan-shaped box that makes handy gifting. If you would rather buy them separately for yourself you may do that, too, although the price is the same. Nail lacquer sells for sixty cents and the large lipstick is a dollar, plus federal tax.

Then, too, in the month of June, Dad has his day and buying for him is usually a problem. For him and for male graduates, too, you'll get real pleasure out of giving this good-looking Seaforth set. Men love the containers because they are made of a material, Duralite, which is unbreakable and flexible. The set itself is for a real he-man, for it contains shaving lotion, talc and hairdressing in a simulated alligator case. The case comes in maroon, brown, or forest green and because of its compactness, it is quite a boon to traveling. Just because of this fact, Seaforth calls its new set the Seaforth Traveler and you'll be able to buy it at most drug and department stores for the moderate price of $3.75, plus federal tax. Think about it, men are going in for nice toiletry items these days.

Sun enthusiasts will go for Tartan, McKesson and Robbins' superb suntan lotion that is said to stop burning and yet permit an even tan. Just spread the non-colored lotion on before and during exposure. Glory of it is that it won't stain your clothing and has a refreshing odor. The new lotion has been tested in winter and summer resorts with wonderful results. Could be the answer to your sunning problems and for fifty-nine cents, the cost of a 4-ounce bottle, you could wind up with a beautiful bronze color this summer.

Chen Yu introduces Coral Fan, below, a sun-tinted pink for summer wear. Father's Day suggestion is Seaforth's Traveler leatherette case.

Tartan is a new suntan lotion that's a boon to the sun lover.

GUIDE TO GLAMOR

You Might as Well Have Fun!

Continued from page 37

her; she long ago learned, to camera perfection, to do her own hair, uses no makeup and the part was drama, not dress. "Other conditions," she recalled, "filled one's mind. My maid, the gray-haired wife of a former college professor, saw me coming into the hotel room with soap and a few necessities. She asked, in wonder, 'Are you giving a party?' I said, 'No, just getting a few needs for some friends.'" Regulations forbade ordering food for the woman; Merle ate in the room, to share. A special dispensation from the Commandant, authorizing *one* food present, brought a truly human request: "Why mother is very old. What she thinks of most, of the lost things, is the coffee she used to love so much. Could you get me a little?" Other oddities stayed in memory, from the midst of misery. Cigarettes cost 90 marks a pack. The salary of the maid's college professor husband—if the Nazis hadn't kicked him out years before—would have been, per month, 300. And the entire cast carried pencils to lend autograph hunters. Berlin had none!

"Throughout Europe," Merle said, "I admired most the young people, in the places of dreariest need. They have kept their spirit; they do what they can—and need help. They've met the hardest test—to keep on trying, and hoping, when hope seems silly. They would meet opportunity."

Merle's vivid face took on an expression as though she were hoping—for many people. "You can never hate the young, of any country, if you see them. Every thoughtful person I talked with agreed—the great hope is to stop hating. Why let them grow up to follow false leadership, to hate us? Why put our own hate into the world—a false leaven?" She answered a question. "Yes, that applies to the Russians, too. No one claims to know what they will do, but the answer everywhere is to win understanding, and give it. *We must reach the young people!*"

The actress' own youth starred dash, determination and hard work. Shortly after her mother invested in the automobile factory that didn't exist, an uncle took the child for a visit to London. Needing to go on, for other business, he left Merle at the steamship dock with a voucher for her return trip ticket. She knew she could never work in India—Army caste (her father had been a Colonel) forbade that. Dash? She cashed the return-ticket voucher for eighty dollars, bought a fur coat with forty of it. Determination? She lived three months, job-hunting, on the remaining forty.

Hard work? She did two years of bit parts in movies, after a first job as an afternoon hostess in a smart London café. Twelve dollars and a half a week—that—and a meal a day. Just seventeen years old! The meal would have hired her.

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Women Are What They Wear

Continued from page 41

"To the women suddenly victimized by the necessity to drop hems, pad hips, de-pad shoulders and tighten waistlines, I would say, 'Beware of exaggeration. Easy does it. Drop your hemline first. Get used to that. When you are used to it, the bustle, and so on. Because if you exaggerate suddenly, you are apt to be self-conscious. Furthermore the New Look, so-called, is like any other 'look' or trend of fashion—it depends entirely on the individual. A star with whom I have worked has, for instance, ugly feet. Strangely enough, she should wear short skirts—*long skirts point the feet.* These personal considerations are much more important than Fashion. Or, most emphatically, they should be."

You damn, and there is no milder word for it, the square shoulder pads. You say, "Since I do not believe there is anything validly new about the New Look, I do not repel it at all. On the contrary since, with shoulder pads going, which is the one novelty in the New Look, I am its partisan. I am *glad* to see the square Hollywood pads going, as they are. Shoulder pads have nothing whatsoever to do with the female figure. Something borrowed from a footballer, isn't it so? And very unesthetic since they shorten the line, the lovely line, and the longer the lovelier, of a woman's neck. To argue that, if shoulder pads make the neck line shorter, they also make the hips look smaller is something you must take up," you laughed and said, "with Joan Crawford.

"Designing is not, you see, a mere matter of a bow here, a bow there. Much more serious than that," you added, seriously, "much more serious. A very good designer should know, not only the measurements and the physical type of the woman for whom he is designing, but her character as well. Paulette and I, for instance—not having met until we started work on 'An Ideal Husband,' had tête-à-têtes, many of them, and they were the blue-prints for the gowns Paulette wears in the picture.

"For 'An Ideal Husband' I designed, in all, about 140 costumes, which included gowns for guests in the ballroom as well as those for the name players. Of the hundred or more girls sent to me, I selected about forty and soon had added forty friends to my list of familiars. As a result when Sir Alex Korda, who produced the picture, said, 'Give me a little group' for this or that special sequence, I was able to select for him women who had some histrionic ability.

"Dressing the character, dressing the personality is," you said, summing up, "all a part of the art of living—and each and every style, or mode, or Look, or fashion, call it what you will, just a different way, I repeat, of starting The Chase!"

Goddess with a Grin

Continued from page 21

get humored a little by her studio maid with a second breakfast of toast and coffee, then she's turned over to the Make-up Department for a rather thorough coating of panchro—not only does the famous face get a working over but also the equally famous gams come in for their share of touching up—up to and slightly above the knees. Thus far, the time consumed in Rita's day would be equivalent to the amount spent in listening to twelve fifteen-minute soap operas. And she hasn't even started working yet! The best thing that can be said about this three-hour prelude to work is that at least she's been sitting down.

"The Loves of Carmen," Rita's current picture, is the realization of a life-long dream. "With Ingrid Bergman it was *Joan of Arc*, but with me it's always been *Carmen*, ever since I was big enough to know about the Spanish femme fatale," says Rita, with a look of satisfaction that comes only from the fulfilment of a long-cherished ambition.

Originally it was planned to film all the outdoor scenes in the ruggedly beautiful terrain around Lone Pine, California. October was the month which usually was most ideal for outdoor locations. The company just got nicely settled at the Lone Pine Inn when the weather turned cold.

"These long Gypsy skirts," Rita said, "came in very handy to hide the long underwear I wore." But unfortunately, the longies didn't have sleeves and on account of *Carmen's* off-shoulder peasant blouses much of the Hayworth chest was exposed to the elements, thereby giving the Lone Pine Hospital one of its most glamorous patients. When Rita's case of bronchitis was more or less cured, the weather turned even colder and snow came down in big beautiful hunks. It would have been fine for skiing, but they weren't up there for winter sports, so they turned around and came back to the studio, built some fine, rugged and realistic rocks on a sound stage, and the show went on. There was some compensation—Rita was able to shed her long underwear.

And she could go home nights—around 8:30 p.m. she could. At the end of an eight or nine hour day on the set she does a two-hour or so stretch in the projection room watching the rushes from the previous day's work. Besides being the star of the picture, Rita is also financially interested. This is the first picture under her own Beckworth Productions banner and, obviously, she is eager to know how she's doing. Usually home by nine at night, she's had a sixteen-hour day, which should be enough to put her in the "Poor Kid"

class. She doesn't, however, solicit or want any sympathy. The plain and whole truth is that la Hayworth loves show business, lives it, breathes it, and talks it almost to the exclusion of everything else. Having been a performer since she was three years old, it's quite understandable that she knows more about her trade than she does any other subject. Rita may not be able to multiply 93724 by 123½ in her head but she sure as heck can tell how much they love her in St. Joe by the box office figures. She knows, too, that it's a lot better deal to have her own producing company and half the net profits plus a salary of $248,000 a year than it is to have just a salary. Under her corporate setup, Uncle Sam doesn't get his hot hands on as much of her yearly take as he would from Rita Hayworth *un*incorporated.

Her corporation contracts, if dropped from a height of a few feet, could kill a man, they're that heavy. For practical purposes, Rita has had this huge mass of legal language reduced to a few thousand small words in a pocket-size digest. Whenever anybody wants her to do anything, she thumbs through her little book to see if she can. "So far," she says, "it always comes out no. I'm hoping just once it will learn to say yes. I could have had a motorcycle if it hadn't been for a non-endorsement clause in the contract." Somehow, the picture of Rita on a motorcycle is too fantastic and, aside from that, the *verboten* clauses permit just a spot of so-called laziness in her busy life.

With the rushes over, a good part of Rita's evening has vanished and there isn't much left to do but head for home, take another shower, get into robe and p.j.'s, and polish off a good hearty steak, potatoes, salad, three glasses of milk and a hunk of pie. Then, with the dismal prospect of getting up at dawn, she usually turns in and promptly falls asleep.

Most of Rita's evenings, when she's working, are spent in this fashion, pretty disheartening news for the wolves and eligible males of the town. Matter of fact, there are many evenings when the frabjous Hayworth sits home and wishes to heck someone would call *her* for a date. However, when you get to be a legend, which Rita most certainly is, a guy doesn't casually call up and say to her "Hi, girl, how about the Mocambo tomorrow night?" The guy figures that she's probably dated up for weeks in advance or maybe he gets hit by an unusual streak of modesty and feels that she'd think he had a nerve to call her.

Oh, sure, you hear her name linked with some very attractive males—Michael Grahame, the young British flyer who followed her to Lone Pine and tagged after her until he went to India; the Persian Prince Pahlevi, Steve Crane—lots of others. But they're just charming escorts for an evening of dancing. When Petey Lawford finally met her at a party she gave him what-for because he announced over a national broadcast that he was dying to meet her. "Why didn't you just call me at the studio and ask me for a date?" Rita scolded. She has occasional fun with Petey but

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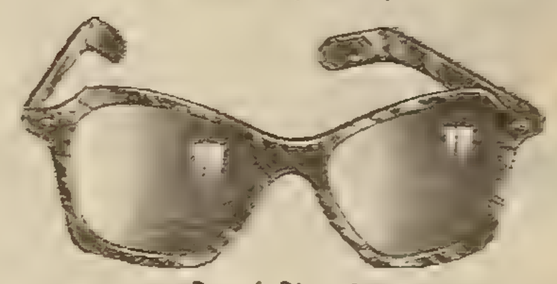

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thinks he's much too young for her, likes more mature men.

And the real payoff is that she still cherishes a fond feeling for her ex, Orson Welles. She has a tigerishly protective feeling for him and anyone who is so rash as to make unkind remarks about him feels the sting of her hard-to-arouse temper. One of the few visitors to her set that she's genuinely welcomed was a friend who'd recently returned from Italy and had seen Mr. W.

Quite sensitive and uncommunicative about her private life, Rita has any amount of talent for amiably fending off questions that get too close to subjects she'd really rather not discuss. It's quite the opposite, though, when people get nosey about show biz. She has a healthy and understandable interest in yakking about her production company. Usually she has trouble keeping her weight up, the lucky gal. Forseeing this, she said, "I gained eight pounds before we started 'Carmen,' guzzling chocolate malteds, having double scoops of ice cream on double pieces of pie." Rita gets quite a charge out of the wide-eyed wonder and green envy of dieting people who watch her put away this high-caloried chow. It's all for the good of the production, she tells herself, while forcing down a couple of pastries with her afternoon tea.

Before the actual shooting started on "The Loves of Carmen," Rita put in a lot of time testing with all the featured and bit players in the picture. Ordinarily a stand-in would take over this rather tiresome chore but Rita felt she owed it to Beckworth Productions to give it the personal touch.

"When the picture started I was really jittery, thinking of all the responsibility of being more or less my own boss," she admitted. "But in the second week I got back in the groove and haven't worried since. I'll save up all the worrying time for after the picture finishes shooting, when my troubles will really begin." Meaning the editing, musical scoring, and the other heavy chores which give a producer nightmares and king-size headaches.

She's very excited about "Carmen." "She isn't the conventional operatic *Carmen*, you know. Only the beginning and the end have any similarity to Bizet's opera. The rest is entirely new —story, music, and dances. The dancing is terribly exciting, all Flamenco—the sexiest dancing you've *ever* seen! We're all Moorish Gypsies and the music is savage and wild. It's nothing like rhumba or samba, but it's terribly expressive and uninhibited. And we all die at the end, but it isn't depressing—you just feel that we all get what's coming to us!"

Rita has a rough and tumble, hair-pulling fight with another girl, Hungarian actress Veronika Pataky. They roll around on the ground and the effect is very cheese-cakey. Glenn Ford, who is one of the many loves of *Carmen*, and Victor Jory, who plays her husband, have a spectacular knife fight. There is no place for sissies in this opus.

Most of *Carmen's* clothes were imported from Spain. The fabrics for the new-look woolen skirts she wears were woven there, her foot-last was sent to Madrid and a studio representative contracted some authentic Gypsies to make her sandals. Of course, Jean Louis the studio designer had them prettied up with bangles, sequins, and such, Technicolor being what it is—and Rita being who she is. While the clothes are exceedingly colorful, they aren't especially "Hollywood." Rather, they have an extremely authentic look about them, from the rough woolens to the coarse peasant blouses, glass beads, pendant earrings, the tattered paisley shawl, and the long dark cloak she wears in the mountain sequences.

Rita's hair is long and back to the famous Hayworth strawberry hue. It took a surprisingly short time to grow out from the short blonde locks she wears in "Lady from Shanghai." During the filming of that picture her hair was cut every three days and the part bleached every day. Being a lazy gal, Rita prefers her hair long and red.

Charles Vidor, her director (who once was fuedin' and fussin' with Rita's boss, Harry Cohn) gets along with Rita and knows how to get the most out of her. He'll shoot a scene over and over, from every angle. Which should make Rita worry, since the picture costs $5600 an hour. But she takes his direction time after time until he's satisfied. Once in a great while Rita's normally placid disposition suffers and she gets mad as a wet cat, but instead of exploding into a temperamental tantrum she'll stand with tears in her eyes until she calms down and then goes back to work as though nothing had happened. Mr. Vidor directed her and Glenn in the extremely successful "Gilda," which made Rita out to be a pretty bad but fascinatin' gal. "*Gil-*

Eleanor Parker, above, and Alexis Smith, below, share love scenes with Gig Young in "A Woman in White." Lucky Young guy!

da," Rita scoffs, "was a sissy compared to *Carmen*. This is the baddest I've ever been on the screen." She seems quite happy over it, too. Who *would* mind with the attractive Glenn Ford right in there pitching!

This rugged schedule doesn't give Rita much time with her three-year-old daughter Rebecca. The little girl has a fixed routine during the week, but on Sundays the two have fun together. The most fun they have is dancing. Rebecca, quite on her own, began imitating her famous mother, lifting her sub-junior miss skirts, twirling around, and collapsing in a laughing heap on the floor. Rita's father beams with pride at his young granddaughter, is sure she'll carry on the Cansino tradition, and has already made her a special pair of tiny castanets.

As a part of her birthday treat, Rebacca got to come on the "Carmen" set and stood enthralled at the gay, costumed dancers going through their wild Flamenco routines. Of course, she doesn't know a movie set from a load of hay, but the movement and color caught her eye and held her rapturously spellbound.

While Rita doesn't specially want her to be an actress, it seems highly improbable that she'll be anything else. When the Cansino clan gathers at Rita's small home for holiday dinners they never talk anything but acting and show business, getting so excited arguing about which dancer is better than another one that they often lapse into Spanish. Rebecca probably won't hear much of anything else in her life, especially since her father does a little acting now and then himself.

Rita figures she'll have about four months off after "Carmen," since she is only supposed to make two pictures a year. She's already eyeing maps and plotting another trip to Europe. She'll probably go back to Paris to pick up some high-fashion models. On her last visit she left New York with her precious clothes a studio representative checked one of her bags, containing four of her gowns worth $6,000, put a $50 valuation on it. That's the bag that got lost. She's never seen it since. And the unfortunate studio rep caught you-know-what from Rita. Spain is another place she wants to visit on her next European junket because the Cansinos came from Spain, and her aged grandfather recently returned to his native Seville.

But the trip is just wishful thinking on Rita's part. For a while anyway. In the meanwhile, she adheres to her rugged schedule and has a rare night out. She checked her script over, in the hope that she'd find a day or two when she wouldn't be needed (she's in every scene but one). She found a place, all right. It was in the knife fight scene between Glenn and Victor Jory.

"I was happily talking about how nice it would be in Palm Springs for a couple of days," she said, curling up little-girl fashion on her dressing room couch, "when Charles Vidor disenchanted me by saying he was hoarding those two days for rehearsal of my last dance in the picture. Oh, well," she said, yawning sleepily. She's a very lazy gal, as anyone can plainly see.

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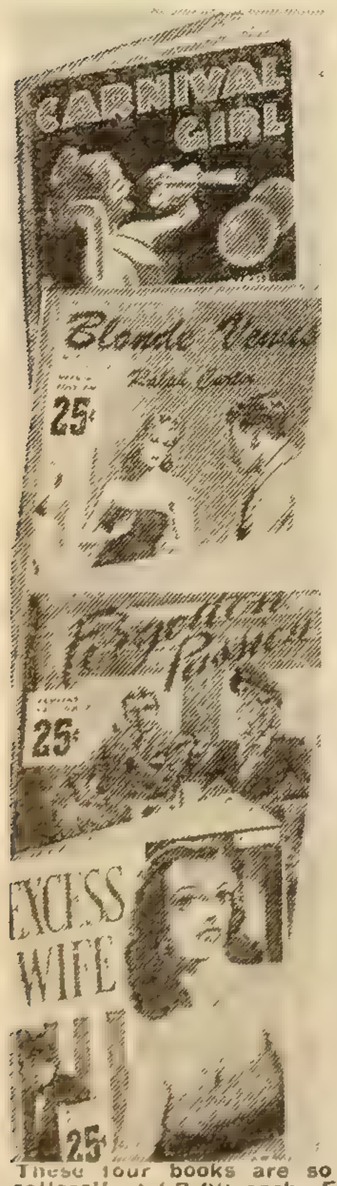

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"The Iron Curtain"

Continued from page 35

looked straight into the cynical, icy blue eyes. "I'm sorry you can't stay any longer."

"Yes, it *is* too bad," Karanova smiled mockingly as she went to the door. "Your wife should never be lonely here. She makes friends quickly. Goodbye."

There was a strained silence as the door closed, and Anna looked at him bleakly. "Igor, you were very rude. Why?"

"That blonde witch is one of the secret police," he said. "We are forbidden to make friends with the Canadians. You know that."

"That's what I can't understand," Anna sighed. "They are our allies. And they are so friendly."

"We do not ask why, Anna," he said. "We obey. And we must be careful."

Anna's eyes looked so different with all the warm happiness drained out of them. "I am old at being careful," she said wearily. "It will be nothing new."

It was a month after that the telephone rang in the middle of the night and Trigorin's voice came over the wire ordering him to report at the Embassy at once. Anna's eyes watching him as he hurriedly dressed were wide with fear and the echo of it was in his own heart, knowing what a summons like that could mean. But when he arrived he saw that it was just an urgent message that had to be coded and sent off immediately.

Igor couldn't understand what it was all about as he began working on it, something about a new plant being under construction in Canada, a plant that would produce uranium to be used for filling bombs. It didn't seem nearly as important then as the news Vinikov told him as he was about to leave.

"A message came for you about an hour ago but I had orders not to disturb you. Your wife has given birth to a boy in St. Vincent's Hosptial."

He was so happy he was bursting with the wonder of it seeing his son for the first time. But Anna's eyes looked tired and withdrawn. "Igor," she said unexpectedly. "When must we go back to Russia?"

"Not for another year at least, perhaps longer. Why?"

"It is nothing," she said. "Nothing." Suddenly her voice trembled as if she were about to cry. "Sometimes a woman has crazy thoughts, that's all. Impossible thoughts like raising her children where—they'll not be— Forgive me, Igor," she whispered. "A first child is not easy."

"I know, Anna," he said gently. "I know."

It troubled him seeing her unhappiness still there as the months went by. But there was so much happening at the Embassy there was not time to think too much even about Anna. There was a new name one day on the list he sent to Moscow, the code name Alec, which had been given to a famous scientist. And after that strange words began figuring in the messages, words like plutonium and chain reaction and nuclear energy and deutron. Then shortly after Germany collapsed, the scientist was able to provide ten pages of detailed information on a new type of bomb. But it wasn't until almost two years later that Igor knew the real importance of the messages he had been coding. For only then, listening to the Embassy radio as President Truman announced that a single bomb had destroyed Hiroshima, did he realize that all those messages had added up to the incredible existence of the Atomic Bomb.

He had been working late as he had had to do so often in those hectic days, and he was amazed not to find Anna there when he reached the apartment. Then suddenly the door opened and she came in carrying Andrei, who was dressed only in his pajamas.

"Mrs. Foster called me in to hear President Truman," she said breathlessly. "Wasn't it exciting, this new bomb and everything? Igor, do you think it will end the war? Oh, wouldn't it be wonderful if—"

It was his fear for her that made him suddenly so cold. "How many times must I tell you we have been instructed not to fraternize?" he demanded. And then as she began protesting, he shook his head. "We must do as we are told. Otherwise—"

"Otherwise what?" Anna said defiantly. "The salt mines, the slave camp? All my life it's been that way. Don't do this, don't do that, with a threat behind every order! People here don't live that way."

"Anna," he said sternly, "these people, this easy living have poisoned your mind. You know as well as I do this way of life is like a white tooth all rotten inside, rotten like all plutocratic democracy is rotten."

For the first time he saw scorn for him in her eyes. "Spoken like a true Communist!" she said bitterly.

He couldn't believe it was Anna, his Anna, speaking like this, and his words lashed out at her. "You will never again even think a counter-revolutionary thought!"

"And if I do," she asked, the scorn deepening in her eyes, "will you report me to the secret police?"

"Anna!" he said desperately. "*Anna!*" But though she clung to him as he took her in his arms, it wasn't the way it usually was.

He felt that same withdrawal in her that day when the Japanese surrender had been announced and they sat in the basement at the Embassy listening as Ranev spoke.

"There must be no misconception about our relations with our former capitalist allies," Ranev said flatly. "Our interests can never coincide. The class struggle will continue until capitalism is completely destroyed. Therefore, you will as always remain vigilant, suspicious and aloof. That will be all."

Anna didn't say anything until they returned home. Then, going into the

bedroom, she sat down on one of the beds, staring at the child sleeping in his crib. "Poor little fellow," she said sadly. "It would be a pity for him to grow up thinking the world is his enemy. I was sick inside myself listening to Ranev. These people aren't our enemies. They're our friends. It is we who are acting like enemies."

"No more, Anna!" He found himself shouting. "I will not listen!"

But it wasn't only Anna who had suddenly lost her course. Kulin too had begun to doubt. Igor knew that the day in the Embassy when Kulin suddenly sprang to his feet as Trigorin talked about the bomb. He was drunk, as Kulin usually was, but that didn't really explain his fury. "One little bomb," he said in an anguished voice, "and it makes a desert on which nothing can live. What more need you know about it?"

"Sit down," Trigorin commanded. "You are a fool, Kulin!"

The other's wild laughter came as he seized Igor, pulling him over toward him. "Gouzenko, do *you* think I'm a fool?" he demanded. "Look at me, consider me carefully. I have blood on both hands and I sleep with dead faces on my eyeballs because of the things I have been forced to do. I am called a sadist. But what of governments that pile dead on dead and justify murder as a means to an end? What name do you give them? You, you simple soul—*you* answer me!"

Igor shrank from him, afraid even to talk as Trigorin's fist banged down on his desk. "Don't force me to send you back to Russia!" he shouted.

Kulin's wild laughter came even louder than before. "Why should that threat have such an ominous sound?" he demanded hysterically. "Like the ring of mourning bells or the executioners' volley? Why? But it's just as well. My father was one of the great heroes of the revolution. Today he pays for living by saying what he is told to say. But I can't stomach it any more. And now I won't have to. An efficient firing squad will solve all my problems. It," he looked down at his empty glass and threw it to the floor, "it takes too long to drink one's self to death. Too long!"

The wave of nausea that had come with the sudden outbreak was still there when Igor went home. "They're sending Kulin home, Anna," he said abruptly. "He has been drinking too much. It's a bad thing, Anna, when a man has to drink too much to forget not only his contempt for himself but for his father. That's a terrible thing for a father to do to his son. I mustn't do that to Andrei. I must think now for him, too, of the kind of world I want him to grow up in, because some day I must answer to him and I don't want to be ashamed. Anna," he said suddenly, "we will not go back to Russia!"

But that wasn't his only decision. There was still another he must make. and the next evening when he was working late and called Anna as he always did, and she told him as casually as she could that Karanova was there, the issue was decided for him. For the blonde girl's presence there could mean only that they were being watched and that there was no longer time to waste in deliberating with himself. But as he took all those documents from the safe, carefully concealing them on his body, the cables to and from Moscow, the reports on high explosives and radar and the atomic bomb, the whole story of what had been happening, he suddenly felt at peace with himself for the first time in months.

It was a dangerous thing he was doing, not only for himself, but for Anna and the boy. Yet Anna did not flinch either when he told her what he must do. They talked until morning, when the Canadian Government offices would be open, and then they dressed Andrei and left.

The race with time began, for at noon Igor would be due back at the Embassy. But the secretary to the Minister of Justice did not realize that as he told them they could not see the Minister without an appointment. It was the same at every office where they stopped, people looking politely dubious when he said it was a secret matter he had to speak about, one that involved the security of Canada. Even at the end when he went to a newspaper office and held the documents out to the editor, the man refused to believe him.

There was nothing to do then but to go and get their belongings, hoping there would still be time to get away before the Embassy discovered the documents were missing. But even that forlorn hope went when they saw the men watching from across the street.

"Here," Igor said giving Anna the papers. "You and Andrei go to Mrs. Foster and wait for me. If anything happens to me, turn these papers over to the police. They will have to believe then. Please," he said as she protested "It is for you and Andrei I am doing this. Don't make it worthless."

He had barely managed to persuade her before Ranev and Trigorin arrived He was amazed himself at how calm he felt now that the moment had actually come, as he parried their furious questions, as he watched them tearing the place apart in their desperation to regain the proof of their guilt.

"You have a father," Ranev said suddenly. "You have a mother, a sister and a brother. Your wife has a mother and father and two sisters, all living in Russia. You didn't think of them, did you?"

There was that agony then, realizing what would happen to all those loved ones. But before he could answer there was a hard knock on the door, and as Igor stood there staring it opened and Anna came in with Mrs. Foster and two Canadian police officers.

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"We heard them break in," she said. "We called the police."

Ranev's grim smile came as he faced them. "We are from the Soviet Embassy," he said. "This man is one of our employees and—"

"They have come to kill him!" Anna cried.

As the police looked from one to the other of them Igor's voice suddenly broke through the agony that held him. "Give the documents to the police, Anna," he said desperately. "These aren't only papers, officer. They're a death warrant. When I gave them to you I sentenced myself, my family, my wife's family to execution. Take them, and take my wife and child. If you don't, the lives of many people will have been wasted unnecessarily."

"The man is insane!" Ranev shouted into the silence. "He stole those papers—"

"Stole?" The policeman shoved the documents into his pocket in sudden decision. "Stolen property must be identified and claimed at police headquarters. That's the law!" He turned to Igor and there was a new respect in his eyes as he looked at him. "We'll take you, all of you, in protective custody while the government looks into this. Come along."

"Igor," Anna looked as if she were going to faint now that the danger was over, "they're going to listen to you! They're going to listen to you—at last!"

Soon the whole world knew of the plot and of Igor's part in it. And everyone knew too of the wholesale arrests that followed and of the prison terms given to men and women who plotted against their own country. They knew too that Igor and Anna were made British subjects in a special act granted by a grateful government. They have not lost faith in the future. For in their hearts they know that the ultimate security of any human being lies only in the survival of the truths inherent in the democratic way of life.

How Young Can You Get?

Continued from page 39

and over and over because it is my favorite of all the pictures I have ever seen."

Cathy, who isn't Irish, says she feels Irish now. She says she feels the Ann Steely she used to be "is now my secret self."

In Siluria, Cathy's father was the village schoolmaster. He also managed the tiny local movie theater. "From the time my brother and I were babies," Cathy says, "we went first to the movies, and then to church, or the other way around, with my mother."

Cathy says she is the "last person" to be an actress. When Mr. Goldwyn gave her her contract, he took, she says, a little girl who had done almost nothing. "I was so shy, I couldn't even talk," she says. "I talked in a high whisper you couldn't hear, and with a Southern accent you couldn't understand. When Mr. Goldwyn interviewed me and asked what I could do, I started to do a scene from 'Romeo and Juliet,' of all things, for him. After I'd said about three sentences, he stopped me. 'It's terrible,' he said. He couldn't understand a word I said. *Then* he said that I needed a lot of training but that he could use a girl like me. I wasn't surprised," Cathy added, laughing. "It had to happen," she said, "I knew it had to happen, had always known it—so it just *did*.

"I really *knew* that I was going to be an actress. I never doubted a single doubt. It was like two parallel lines," Cathy said, drawing two straight parallel lines with her finger nail on the smooth damask of the luncheon table at the Hotel Plaza in New York, "two widely separated parallel lines. Here was one," she pointed, "there was the other. How I was to get from one line to the other, I didn't know except that I *would* get there.

"I pestered my little brother to death," Cathy says, "being an actress all over the place. I was always acting out stories of Queens for him. I went through a period of imitating Bette Davis. I followed him around and read poetry to him. I was Cathy in 'Wuthering Heights' for days at a time, and he hated it. 'Why do you go around living in a dream,' he once asked me, 'why don't you live in the world?'"

When Cathy was seven, the depression hit the South. A body-blow. The schools closed. Cathy's father couldn't get a job as a teacher. Things were scarce at home, and scary. Cathy's parents divorced. Cathy went to live with Aunt Jetty in Greensboro; her little brother—and this hurt—was sent to live with another aunt, in another town.

In Greensboro, Cathy began writing poetry. She still writes poetry (and is, currently, writing a novel). When, for a year before she began work in "The Best Years," she toured with the road company of "Life with Father," she wrote more letters, with poems enclosed, to Mr. Goldwyn.

"I wanted to be an actress, mind you," Cathy says. "Writing poetry is something that just happened to me."

When Cathy was twelve, she moved away from Greensboro. She went to live with her mother, who had remarried, in Oklahoma City.

Cathy graduated from Harding Junior High School in Oklahoma City. She went, then, for one year to Oklahoma City University.

"After one year of college, I went to business school—I had to—and learned to write 120 words a minute in Gregg shorthand and to punch a typewriter at the speed of 72—and hated it. Then I went to work as a secretary in a wholesale house, and I was miserable. Then I went to work at the Army Induction Center, and I was fired. For writing a poem when I should have been filing carbons. I knew, when I got the inspiration and went off to the corner drugstore to write the poem, that I would probably

be fired. But, at sixteen, you read all about the poets who suffered for their art, so I didn't mind.

"And then," Cathy says, in the breathless voice of one who has come to the breathless peak and point of a story, "and then, *I went to Hollywood!* My mother," Cathy explains this turn of fortune in her favor, "was so sick, by this time, of hearing how I wanted to be an actress that she said she would give me money enough, silly as she thought it, to last me for three months in Hollywood. I could stay, my mother said, with her friend, Dorothy Hipp (Aunt Dorothy, we called her) in Riverside and from Riverside could journey to Hollywood and do, my mother added rather vaguely, whatever it was I had in mind to do there."

Cathy stayed with Aunt Dorothy Hipp for two days. Then she had a phone call. The call was from Clarice Townsend, a girl with whom Cathy had worked at the Induction Center in Oklahoma City. Clarice, it appeared, had likewise come to Hollywood to seek her fortune and "How's about we team up?" said Clarice. Within twenty-four hours, in a furnished room, rent, $40.00 a month, the girls set up housekeeping together in Hollywood. After deducting her share of the rent from her small capital, Cathy had exactly $90.00 and no cents with which to finance the career she hadn't even begun.

"While I was still in Oklahoma City," Cathy says, "I had written a letter to Robert Nathan telling him I wanted to play the part of *Jenny* in his story, 'Portrait of Jenny.' Just as 'Song of Bernadette' belonged to Jennifer Jones, I said, 'Portrait' belonged to me. Mr. Nathan answered my letter, too, and very kindly, but 'Portrait,' it seemed, didn't belong to me, after all. I'd also written a letter to Miss Ruth Birch, who is casting director for Mr. David Selznick, and Miss Birch wrote and asked me to come to see her, when I arrived in Hollywood. But when I called Miss Birch and she sounded interested and said to give her my number and she would call me back to tell me when she could see me, *I gave her the wrong number*. Fate," Cathy says, smiling, "saving me for the best years of *my* life."

In Schwabs Drugstore, on Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood, one late afternoon, the girls, "sort of in a silly mood," says Cathy, were having sandwiches and milkshakes and the giggles. Diagonally across from them sat a young actor (Westerns) name of Ed Glover. Next to the young actor sat a young agent, name of Ben Medford. Said actor Glover to agent Medford, indicating Cathy, "Girl over there with a face that would be wonderful for pictures." Said agent Medford, after one quick inventorying glance, to actor Glover (to whom, actually, the credit for discovering Cathy should go), "Right you are."

"I, of course, knew nothing of all this," says Cathy, "until a strange man moved around the counter and sat next to me. 'You in pictures?' he asked me. 'No,' I said, 'but I'm going to be.' 'Huh, huh,' he said. Then, 'Got an agent?' 'No,' I said, 'I haven't.' 'I'm an agent,' he said. 'My name is Ben Medford. Here is my card. Here is my identification. I think you had better sign with me.'

"I wasn't surprised," Cathy, surprisingly, said. "I had heard about Lana Turner being discovered in a drugstore. Besides, it had to happen and so, it just did happen. I decided it was Fate so, the next day, I signed with Mr. Medford."

Agent Medford took Cathy, first, to Preston Sturges. Preston Sturges said he would make a test of Cathy, and with his own camera. Cathy says it sounded interesting, "but sort of indefinite." Agent Medford took Cathy next, although against his better judgment since Cathy, he said, should not sign with a big company where, being so shy, she would be lost, to Warner Brothers. Warner Brothers were also "going to" make a test of Cathy. But for Cathy the sands of time and funds alike were running low.

"I tried to get Mr. Medford to take me to see Mr. Goldwyn," Cathy says. "I had a kind of feeling about it—it was Mr. Goldwyn, you see, who made 'Wuthering Heights.' Mr. Medford finally consented to show a photograph to Mr. McIntyre, who is Mr. Goldwyn's casting director. Mr. McIntyre looked at my picture and said yes, he would take me to see Mr. Goldwyn.

"The day I was to see Mr. Goldwyn, I wore my best blue suit, my best white blouse, carried a borrowed blue purse and although I was not frightened of Mr. Goldwyn when I met him, because he looked and sounded so kind, I knew this was the most important moment of my life so far and all at once, I got terribly

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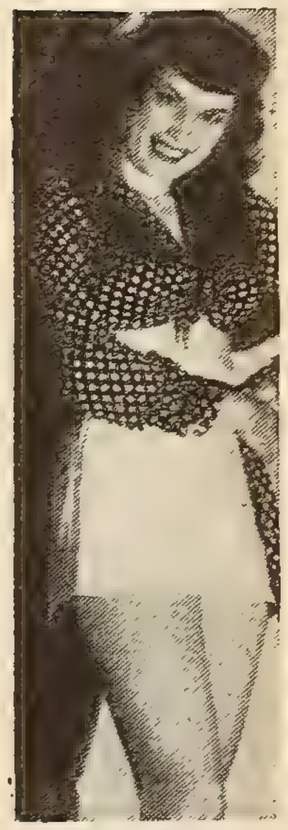

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shy. I sat down. I had to. On the very edge of a chair. When he asked me my name I sort of whispered it. 'You must not be nervous,' Mr. Goldwyn told me. He added, 'Teresa Wright was just as scared as you are the first time I saw her.' Then he asked me to read a few lines for him.

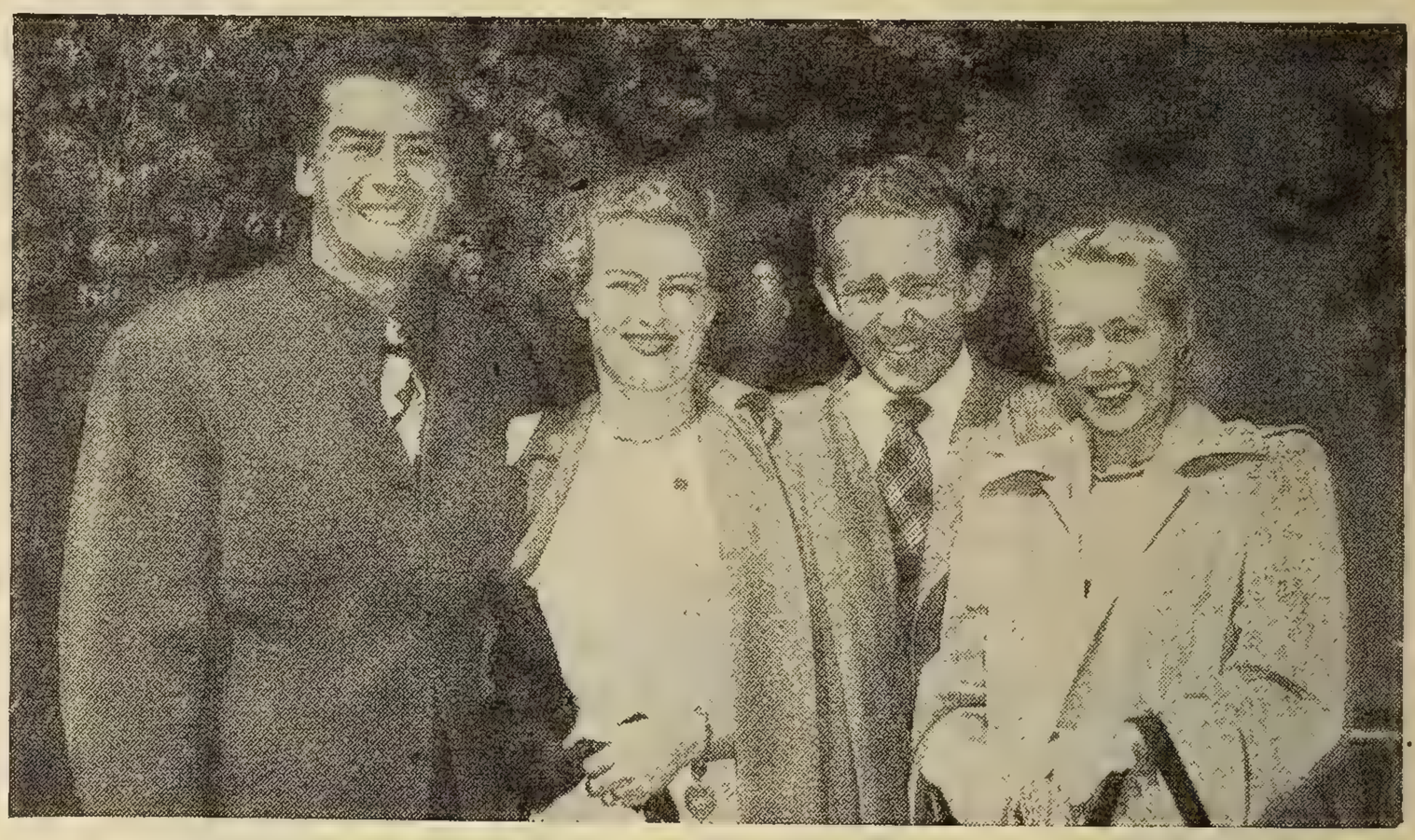
"On the 24th of August, he told me that my contract was all signed, that I would go on salary as of that day and that for a year, he was going to see to it that I had everything I needed to make me an actress. On the 24th of August," Cathy repeated the date adding, "my money would have lasted until the 30th. By this narrow margin what *had* to happen, did happen."

Now after finishing her fourth movie, Eagle Lion's "The Mystic," Cathy, in her bit of Promised Land, "which some people," she says, "call Hollywood," lives alone in her own apartment in the Sunset Terrace. "With tons of closets and not enough things," Cathy laughs, "to put in them."

She is trying to learn to cook, "because I realize I do too many make-believe things," Cathy says, coming out of her tree trunk, "and cooking is, well, realistic." One of these days Cathy's "little" brother, now a student at Oklahoma City University, and interested in studying law, will come to Hollywood, Cathy hopes, and live with her.

Cathy hasn't, as of today (but, perhaps, tomorrow?) a romance in her life. When she does meet "him" he will be, she hopes, "someone very intelligent, an artist in some way or other, and a very good one, someone who won't want to be with too many people all the time, someone very kind and sensitive and what he looks like will not matter.

"I want to get married and have a baby," Cathy says, "even more than—well, no, not *more* than my career—yes, more—no—well, maybe!"



Hearts attuned, Vic Mature and Dorothy Berry, Pasadena Socialite, say their marriage vows at Yuma, Arizona, accompanied by Vic's Coast Guard buddy, Byron Evans and his wife.

Cobina's Gossip of Hollywood Parties

Continued from page 29

spends days planning her parties in advance, the wife of the famous pianist likes to join in the cooking and the entertaining just to give the feeling of spontaneity. She will don a cap and apron and whip up the most heavenly blintzes and then, after dinner, join in with the hired entertainers and dance. The other evening she had us all in a merry mood, teaching us a Czardas.

Joan Bennett always has perfectly appointed dinners and intimate parties, but she can supervise one on the grand scale, too, as I watched her preside over one of the most beautiful wedding receptions I have ever seen—for her daughter, Diana. Since it was an all-white wedding, Joan carried the all-white motif through the reception, and placed great trees of white flowers of every imaginable variety throughout the garden where she received over a thousand guests. The young couple appeared for just a moment, however, and after taking one look at the vast throng, hurried off to a waiting car and sped up to Carmel-By-The-Sea for their honeymoon.

One hostess I find fascinating is Greer Garson. She has given her lovely Bel-Air estate "The New Look" and gave her friends the "First Look" the other night. I found those proud parents, Van and Evie Johnson, discussing the care and feeding of infants with such well established parents as the Bob Mitchums and the Edgar Bergens. Mary Pickford, Lady Mendl and I were exclaiming over the magnificent buffet which Bruno of LaRue's designed, when Hedda Hopper came up and took one look. "I'm going to steal one of those pheasants for a hat," she said. Ginger Rogers turned around and laughed, "Hedda, on you it would look good!"

Sir Charles Mendl and the Baroness d'Erlanger were deep in a discussion about Versailles, on the outskirts of Paris, where Lady Mendl is re-opening her famous chateau. Jack Benny and the Edward G. Robinsons were busy discuss-

ing politics, but I refused to be drawn into the argument and joined Connie Moore and the Reggie Gardiners in welcoming Maggie Sullavan back to town. It was a wonderful evening.

For sheer lavishness, I don't think anything exceeds the splendor of the parties that Sonja Henie gives. She likes to entertain out of doors whenever it is possible and always has large and colorful tents set up around her beautiful pool, to provide all kinds of refreshments, such as a booth for caviar, a booth dispensing cocktails, another for roast turkey, another for liquers, another for pate de foie gras, etc.

Mrs. Peter Rathvon's parties—she is the wife of the president of RKO—are always exceptional because they so perfectly reflect the ease and comfort of luxurious living in their magnificent home atop Tower Road. The dining room has an automatically controlled ceiling which slides back and permits guests to literally dine under the stars, weather permitting. There is also a stunningly appointed screening lounge where guests adjourn to see all the latest pictures. When the film is over, the wall on which the screen is placed moves up into the roof and reveals, behind it, a full length bar with adjoining dance floor and game room. Don't tell me you can't have fun with a set-up like that!

In the younger set of very youthful matrons, I think Jane Withers leads with the informal parties which always draw all the young movie crowd. The other evening Jane and her husband, Bill Moss, invited me, though I protested that I was too old for her parties. "Cobina," said Jane, "anyone who has as much fun as you do will never be old." She was so flattering that I accepted and found that beautiful Marilyn Maxwell, with the handsome Turhan Bey, the Jackie Coopers, Diana Lynn and Bob Neal, and a host of others. Incidentally, I told Diana that when I had heard she had flown to Mexico City with Bob, chaperoned, of course, I was sure that it was an elopement. Diana laughed and said she fooled a lot of people. "When I elope, Cobina, you'll be the first to know."

No list of lovely and popular Hollywood hostesses would be complete without Mrs. Harry Goetz, one of the most stunning women in the whole colony. I've known Katie a long time and I've never known her to give a party that wasn't a tremendous success. The other evening she gave a preview of her new Bel-Air home, which is a truly sumptuous one. Claudette Colbert told me she thought it one of the most attractive she had seen. I took several of the guests, including Connie Moore, Merle Oberon, Claudette, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon on an inspection tour and they all decided on various features which they want to include in their own homes.

Despite the fact that all of these women have the facilities for entertaining on a large scale, the fact remains that none of them would be so popular if it were not for their own personal charm, graciousness and individuality. I count myself extremely fortunate to have them as my friends.

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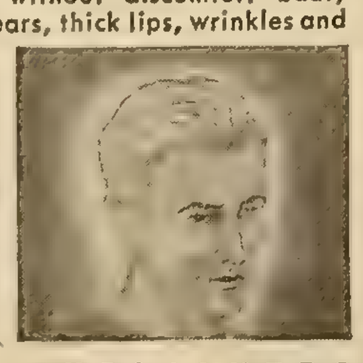

GLENNVILLE PUBLISHERS
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Your Face Is Your Fortune

Continued from page 16

lute cleanliness. Then, before retiring, give attention to those areas where wrinkles and that taut feeling are most prominent. Eye cream, for instance, is often forgotten by women with dry skin. It is different from ordinary cold cream in that it is especially compounded to soften the tender skin around the eyes. It should be applied nightly. A rich cream should also be applied to the facial area, and here again particular emphasis must be placed on the neck where, for some reason or other, deep wrinkles usually put in an appearance. Remove the excess cream with tissues.

I've said it before and I'll probably say it a million times more, that oily skin needs plenty of cleansing. First of all, remove makeup with a light cleansing cream. Then get rid of every smidgeon of that cream by using a cleansing lotion or skin freshener on a piece of cotton. Keep changing the cotton and applying new applications and rubbing until the last piece of cotton shows no evidence of dirt. Now give soap and water a try, rubbing lightly. In cases of excessive oiliness, sulphur packs and pore tightening masks are wonderful for closing cleansed pores and stimulating circulation. This latter is, of course, not a process to be employed daily.

If you have a combination oily-dry skin, take the parts of the above two paragraphs which apply to you.

Acne is the dire result of blackheads and oily complexions. The main question seems to be whether or not to open up pimples and remove blackheads. I say, remove them, IF (and that's a big "if") you feel absolutely certain you know how and if they come out easily without bruising and pushing. Secondly, you must never do it unless you use tissues and have an antiseptic such as witch hazel or alcohol to daub on afterward. You must be gentle, and you must be thorough. It is a difficult job, and if possible, let someone who knows more about it do the job for you—a professional.

During the time that pimples are being removed you have to expect your complexion to look its worst. And you have to keep at it time and time again before you'll notice any results. Improvement is never immediate in bad cases of acne, often it takes months.

There is no doubt that your diet is directly related to your complexion. It is true that some people eat all the wrong foods and yet their skins are flawless, but for those of you who have skin problems, such as acne, fried foods, starchs, such as potatoes, rice, spaghetti, etc., are to be avoided. Rich pastries, sweets, peanuts and all gooey foods should be eliminated. Better for you are fresh vegetables, lettuce and fresh salads, broiled meats and fish, unsweetened juices and plenty of water. Because your system needs cleaning out as well as your complexion, try drinking the juice of a whole lemon in a glass of hot water before breakfast every morning. Don't try it for just a week and then drop the whole idea. It will take a month or two, maybe longer, before you notice results. Consistency is all important.

Teen-Agers on Trial!

Continued from page 24

only we young people can really understand, because our elders have forgotten too quickly the days when they were full of the same adventurous spirit."

"Well, you brought up the subject of elders yourself," I said. "So do you think adults—and I mean the parents—actually understand teen-agers today?"

"They do—*if* they want to," Jane answered quickly. "I think the whole thing is a matter of compromise. The parents must be willing to give in just as they expect their children to do. They'll use common sense and be patient. I know my mother and father are not tyrants with me. For example, on a few occasions when I've been unable to get home from a date at the set time, they've not become angry. They've understood my excuse because they believed in me. I wouldn't want any parent who couldn't trust me—nor one with whom I couldn't talk frankly.

"And right there is where I believe some parents make the life of a teen-ager anything but easy. I've heard so many boys and girls say, 'I wish I had someone to talk to.' I've asked them, 'Well, how about your mother or father?' And it's been pretty awful to hear them reply, 'Oh, they wouldn't understand.' In such a case, either the boy or the girl has been too headstrong and made it impossible for the parents to be of help, or the parents themselves haven't made enough of an effort to be close to their children. I've always talked over everything with my mother. That ideal situation, of course, can only come if there has been a feeling of comradeship established from childhood. Certainly no parents who have pushed their children away from them during childhood have any right to feel slighted if they suddenly want their children's love and respect later and find that gone."

Janie and I then went into the subject of whether or not teen-agers ever stand off and take stock of themselves and each others.

"Most teen-agers are too impulsive to give much thought to themselves," Janie commented. "I guess the main reason is that so few have much ambition. I'm speaking mainly of boys now. Most of them have no idea what they want to do in life. They care more for a date or for a car they want. Then suddenly they come face to face with the realization that they have to make a decision about what to do in the years that lie ahead. Comes time for college and they begin

asking themselves, 'What shall I major in? Shall I be a doctor, a teacher, an actor, a lawyer, or a dog-catcher?' They spend so much time wondering what they want to do that they often take the wrong courses in college and wind up graduating unprepared for anything at all. Now, I admit that being a teen-ager can be fun, but I also know it's the formative period in any boy or girl's life and it shouldn't be thrown away.

"It's apparently this lack of any definite goal that has made some kids go off the deep end. Their lack of ambition makes getting things the easy way seem very attractive. It also makes them get into the wrong crowds. After all, if a boy or a girl knows exactly what he or she wants to do in his life, there'll be no chance of getting mixed up with undesirable people. And there won't be that feverish concern, for being part of any so-called 'choice' clique, either!

"I know that some boys and girls get involved with the wrong crowds because they're lonely. I've been lonely, and I say it's one of the hardest things about being a teen-ager. Any young person wants to be liked by others more than anything else. But that's the danger point. It makes you too careless about choosing those with whom to associate.

"I don't think most teen-agers would call this situation one of loneliness. They'd class it more as a fear of not being popular. To be sure they're not left out of things, they try to get into high school cliques. In college, they break their hearts trying to get pledged to a sorority or fraternity. And that's why I can't stand anything that puts kids into the class of being wanted or unwanted. I think the snobbery of some young people toward others is an awful thing. It adds so much to the rather natural inferiority complex so many boys and girls have. But I have no patience at all for any young person who gets in a wrong crowd or clique, who knows it's not right, and who simply stays in it.

"Speaking of teen-agers' desire to be popular, perhaps nowhere is this desire so strong as in the matter of dates. I know that I've gone through that myself. There was one boy I had hoped would ask me to go out. But because I was in pictures, he didn't think he had any right to ask for a date. Even when I told him to phone, he wouldn't. Finally, my mother asked him to the house on a Sunday. He later said he couldn't understand why I should want to see *him*.

"The affairs of the heart are a very serious thing to most young people. The girls I've known who have sat home waiting for a call! After all, they can't force the boy to ask them for a date And the boys don't have it any too easy, either. Most of those I've known have an awful fear of running out of conversation when with a girl. Always, it's getting that first date that is so hard and makes so many kids sit home and mope.

"However, I don't believe in going on a date just to be going out. And I know some teen-agers who regard a date as such. I'd rather stay home than go somewhere and be bored. As a result, I only have about two engagements a week with boys I've come to know well. A date may be the biggest problem of a teen-ager, but it can also be the biggest waste of time unless some thought is put behind it."

Janie paused momentarily, and then asked in a rather worried manner. "Do I sound awfully old fogeyish? I don't mean to be. But I do think a teen-ager's life is pretty complex."

"After all," I replied, "you should know. Just because you're a star doesn't take you out of the teen-age class."

"It's just that I don't want to sound off like a tired old lady who thinks youth is a thing that belongs only to stupid people," Jane went on. "After all, young people have a lot more sense than they're given credit for. They can even teach adults something. For one thing, all progress today comes from the habit most young people have of never being satisfied. New inventions are the result of someone's searching mind. Not that I mean teen-agers are going around daily creating new discoveries in science, but their inquisitive nature is something that can be developed later into the building of finer things in life. The only catch is that no teen-ager can ever accomplish anything important unless he has some definite goal in mind, unless he's interested enough in something to want to question, to never feel too placid and content. I know I hope *I* never become too contented and satisfied. What fun would there be in life then?"

I'd been studying Janie as she talked. I've seen stars go into meaty subjects with as much interest as though they were thinking of whether their maids would have fish or steak for dinner. But Janie was sincere and concerned. She has continued to work at her job and has lessons each week. There's that desire within her to improve. But to broaden her life even more, she has taken up psychology in order to try to understand people and problems. And she has adopted a trait foreign to most young people—the determination to want extra responsibilities.

It was that last thought that made me ask her about teen-agers and responsibilities. Were burdens wise or unwise for growing boys and girls?

"I think every teen-ager should not only accept responsibilities but should look for them," Jane said pointedly. "After all, we have to learn to manage them sometime if we're to get anywhere; if we're to hold what we attain. Too many young people are willing to have their lives scheduled for them, to let others take on the burdens. They're then unable to cope with difficult problems when they arise."

Jane sighed and then said, "Well, I've gone on and I wonder if I've really answered the questions? All I can say is that I still don't think boys and girls today think about their lives enough to know whether they have an easy or a hard time. But I would like to add this —I'm sick and tired of so many authorities making teen-agers out to be fools. They're not! In fact, most of us are a lot more willing to admit our mistakes than our elders are!"

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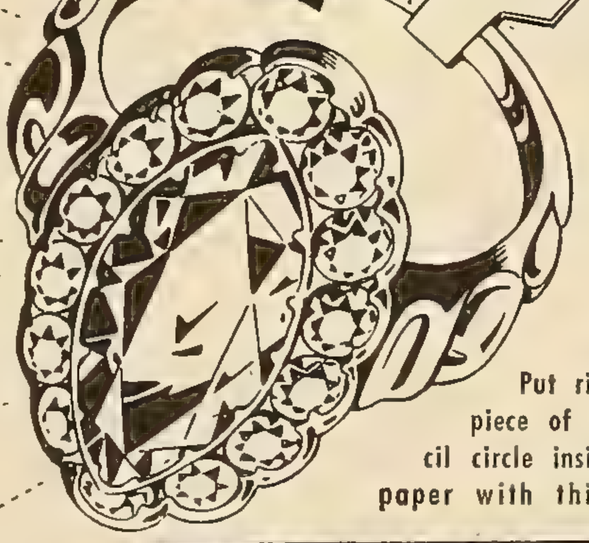

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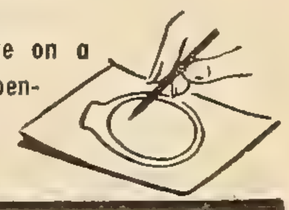

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Fred Robbins Right Off the Record

Continued from page 51

a brace of cuties that're strictly his cup of tea, partic the Western opus which is strictly tall in the saddle. (Decca)

COUNT BASIE: Come get some soul-satisfying salve by the kid from Red Bank as he has a go on celeste on "Robbins' Nest," which looks like the instrumental hit of the year, dear, and doesn't make this devil one bit angry. Victor misprinted the label on several thousand copies (Robin's) and they've since become collectors' items. We've been using it as a theme on the fat old 1280 club and it's a boot every time we realize 'twas etched for us. It's good music besides. Flip releases gushing by Jimmy Rushing on "Your Red Wagon" and it'll be your red wagon if you miss this waffle or SCREENLAND or the Columbia Record shop on your local station. (Victor)

DINAH SHORE: Melissa's mommy puts the baby down and winds her lovely tonsils around two slabs of *Baclava* (Turkish dessert) from "Casbah" by Harold Arlen and Leo Robin—"What's Good about Goodbye" and "Hooray for Love"—and George's gal lays down all the facts about what sells so many pajamas. Lucky Melissa to eat her spinach to such nice vocal chiffon. (Columbia)

PERRY COMO: Homogenized cream from the kid from Canonburg, Pa., who raises your ear with "Haunted Heart" from "Inside U. S. A." and "Carolina Moon," the oldie which still shines so fetchingly. P. C. always flips a nice lip. (Victor)

KING COLE TRIO: The King has taken unto himself a queen, Marie Ellington. What a fine wedding it was! Champagne flowed like the tonsils of Nathaniel himself do on "The Geek," Nat's first instrumental be-bop that is down with it, found with it, bound with it and around with it. A groovey trip down "Natmare" Alley. Just a twist of the wrist'll get you "I've Only Myself to Blame," as mellow as that wedding cake. (Capitol)

LES PAUL: *Voici* a mound of the "New Sound" 'bout which there's been so much to do. 'Tis achieved by Les making a recording, putting on the earphones and recording again and again over his original cookie with different types of guitars, which he builds himself. *Comprenez?* Result on "Lover" and "Brazil" is an intriguing, unique mess of sharps and flats that puts hustle in your corpuscle. No woofin', all those guitar parts are strummed by Les himself, which is not apple pie. Rare talent, this kid. (Capitol)

JO STAFFORD: No *bout adoubt* it—Josephine's been taking baths in honey or something 'cause she's leaning on that bell better than ever. Comes on rich as velour on "It Was Written in the Stars," from "Casbah" and does just as beautifully on her tummy on "It's Monday Every Day," a haunting affair that's from another planet, Janet. (Capitol)

FRANK SINATRA: Looks like everybody's been trekking to the "Casbah" 'cause Nancy's Daddy's twined his thorax around another sample from that pic, "For Every Man There's a Woman," which is slightly Oriental and Calypso at the same time, but above all it's Sinatra, and that's better than *cherries jubilee*. T'other face, the slender sender is tender on "I'll Make Up for Everything," probably meaning that "Dum Dot" deal some weeks back. Axel Stordahl's got him covered like molasses on these and "But None Like You," a fresh Ray Noble effort that's as sleek as a pearl, "the world's full of people but none like you," just how this kid feels 'cause you've been laying that linen on me like good rascals. Flip finds "Hoe Handle" with the Johnny Guarnieri trio breathing sweet breath into an oldie, "We Just Couldn't Say Goodbye." Ear caressin' as a French lesson. (Columbia)

ALSO EARWORTHY: Tex Beneke and company with "Cherokee Canyon," "St. Louis Blues March," a screamer, "Beyond the Sea," a concert production with a mess of strings, and "Strange and Sweet" with the throat of Larry Stevens. (Victor). Elliot Lawrence's "Shauny O'Shay" from "Look, Ma, I'm Dancin'" and let the begorrahs fall where they may. Roz Patton chirps. Flip's an E. L. original, "Sugar Beat," sweet little treat. (Columbia). Eddie Heywood: "Heywood's Boogie" and "The Continental." (Victor). "Good News Album" with June Allyson, Pete Lawford and Pat Marshall and all the wonderful things from the pix. Right from the sound track, Jack. (MGM). Woody Herman's "Sabre Dance," which gives off sparks, and "Swing Low, Sweet Clarinet," appealing squealing by Mary Ann McCall. Kay Kyser's "Worry, Worry, Worry" and "There Ought to Be a Society," cute novelties. (Columbia). Jerry Wayne's "Dickey Bird Song" and "Encore, Cherie," a fine soundmaker. (Columbia). Dick Haymes' "Your Kiss," gorgeous wax. Patty Paige's "There's a Man in My Life," will be the song in your life. (Mercury)

HOT!!!

KAY STARR: What sturdy, dynamic plumbing this chick has! When she throws her head back the heavy cargo of sharps and flats will have you supine. And I mean like wine. 'Cause this frail is loaded with jazz feeling and it surrounds every breath on "Mercy, Mercy, Mercy," and "You Gotta See Mama Every Night," and you can every night at "Slapsy Maxie's." One of the greatest jazz singers of the day. (Capitol)

JIMMY LUNCEFORD: Columbia's rebaked a brace of Lunceford classics that were grooved in 1939 and they're like the weather. Jimmy's band was one of the institutions of jazz and these are prime examples—Sy Oliver's arrangement of "I Love You" with Earl Carruther on baritone sax and Paul Webster on trumpet. Dan Grissom sings. Flip features Willie Smith on alto and the vocal effusions of Sy Oliver, Trummy Young and the Lunceford Trio—"Ain't

Red Cross finds eager workers in Fred Robbins, chairman of popular orchestra group, and Basil Rathbone, chairman of legitimate theater group for fund appeal.

She Sweet." Of those great Oliver arrangements. They jumped! (Columbia)

ARNETT COBB: "When I Grow Too Old to Dream." Two parts of walking, walloping tenor sax by one of the most exciting tenor sax cats blowin', my man Arnett, who's been recovering from a bad back and is jumpin' as before when this cookie was fried. All of the skill and infectious beat of the powerhouse pipe comes through here, 'specially side two, which'll make your 5 o'clock shadow come around at 1. *Tres interesante,* this treatment of a waltz as a fox trot, harnessing it to a jazz beat and still holding the melody. Gone! (Appolo)

ANITA O'DAY: "What Is This Thing Called Love," "Boot Whip," "Malaguena," "I Told Ya I Love Ya." Oh, puddles of purple passion! How that O'Day chick comes on when she wants to! Ever since her days with Gene Krupa she's been great and it hits you right where you bellow, fellow, on these slicings which're loaded with scat that'll have you flat like a mat. These'll show you why she's so widely imitated by so many canaries today. Sends you and brings you back! (Signature)

FROM THE MAN IN GRAY

Buckets of billets-doux, Sue, but keep 'em comin'. Makes no never mind if it takes a while to answer you, have patience and gimme a chance to crawl out from under this mountain of linen. These questions are comin' out of my hair.

Dear Fred: What's Danny O'Neil's latest record, where can I write him, and what happened to the "Teentimers Show" you were on?

Sincerely.
E. W., Hayward, Calif.

Dear E. W.: "Peggy O'Neil" is Mr. O'Neil's freshest. You can dig him at Majestic Records, N. Y. C. The "Teentimers" Club is back on every Saturday A. M. at 11:30 with Johnny Desmond and this kid on Mutual. Hope you hear us.

Recordially, F. R.

Dear Fred: What's doin' with Jessie James' Daddy, Harry? Haven't heard much about him lately.

Sincerely,
D. D. Raper, III, Latta, S. C.

Dear DD: Harry's on the New Philip Morris show on CBS with Dinah Shore and Johnny Mercer and you can dig him every week. Besides which, we spin his waffles all the time on the Columbia Record Shop.

Recordially, F. R.

Dear Fred: Who made that wonderful cookie of Ray Bloch on "Espanharlem" and "Jealousy" and where can I get it?

Sincerely,
Jan Norman, San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Jan: That's on a Signature label, honey, and if you'll direct your 6b's to the jump dumps in Frisco, you'll have no trouble.

Recordially, F. R.

Dear Fred: Give with some info about my boy Andy Russell, who puts hustle in my corpuscle. He's my dream man.

Sincerely,
Isabel Valles, Phoenix, Ariz.
Vera Zambrano, Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Isabel and Vera: Andy was just on the "1280 Club" while he was at the Paramount Theater in N. Y. and we had a ball. His freshest biscuit is "Easter Parade" and "I Cried for You" and you can dig him on Mutual every week on his new show for Betty Hutton's boy, Ted Briskin, who makes those wonderful Revere Cameras. Marion Hutton and the Pied Pipers are on the show with Andy. He first saw the light in Los Angeles. Write him c/o Capitol Records.

Recordially, F. R.

Pauline Correia, New Bedford, Mass: Jack Owens made "How Soon" famous and then everyone else recorded it. He's leading his own band in the midwest. . . *Sheila Thuna, Toronto, Canada:* Address Mel Torme c/o Milton Carle, Lincoln Hotel, N. Y. C. . . . *R. Sylvia, New London, Conn.:* If you want that Mae West record, write to the company she made it for. They'll give you the dope. Sounds like it's gonna be tough to grab it.

Rosemarie Stracher, St. Louis, Miss.: Ray Eberle's doing very well with his band and was a big click at the Click in Philly. He's on a tour of one-niters and theaters now and is on Appolo Records. . . . *Mrs. A. Russell, N. Y. C.:* Think Jerry Cooper's got a wonderful set of tonsils and they're all wrapped around the Diamond label. . . . *Raymond Heiny, Noblesville, Ind.:* You can hit Jane Powell with linen c/o MGM, Culver City, Calif. . . . *Joyce Morra, N. Providence, R. I.:* Haven't heard anything about Carmen Cavalero hurting his hands unless he played too fast one day and one of his fingers flew off.

Address letters to Fred Robbins, SCREENLAND Magazine, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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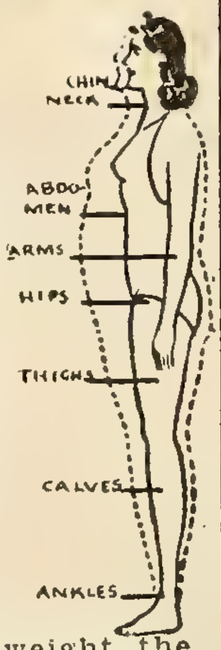

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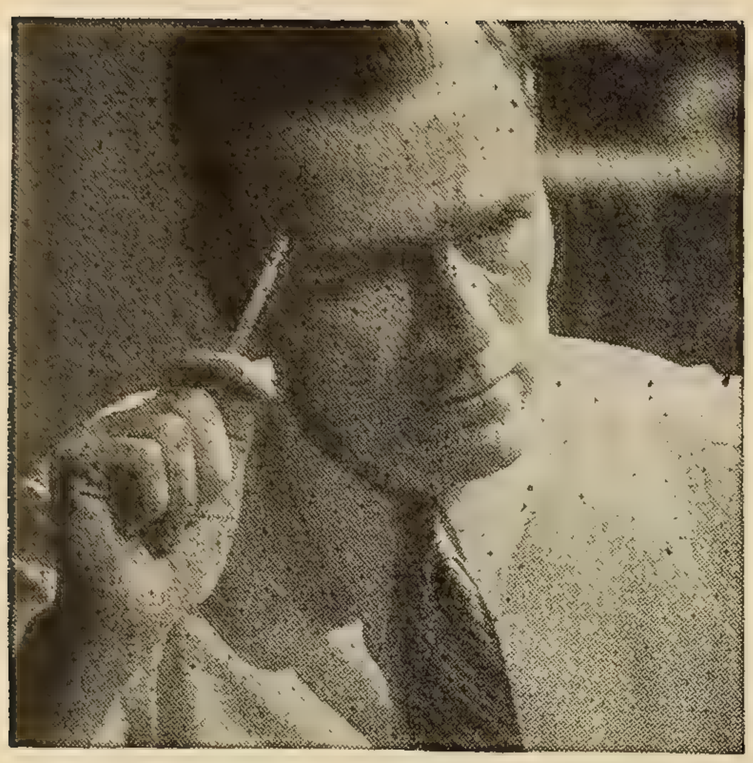

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Mr. Average Joe

Continued from page 23

foot around with the politic and polite by-passes of social amenities. He wants to do things quickly, directly. He hopes you have the intelligence to understand this. There is something about Burt Lancaster that makes practiced charm and graciousness seem a little dishonest. It is an honesty as penetrating as the glance of a child.

Strangely enough, this honesty stems from a childhood spent in Little Italy, one of the toughest neighborhoods in New York. For, although Burt's father made a fair living as a postal clerk, four children are not easily fed and clothed. Mrs. Lancaster had to budget her husband's twenty-five dollars a week carefully. Cheaper rent meant more groceries, nicer Christmases; more clothes. But the rough neighborhoods where cheaper rentals could be obtained were a constant source of worry to her. She never missed an opportunity to show her children that meticulous honesty was the greatest of all virtues.

When Burt was very small, she sent him to the store for a quart of milk. He bought the milk and returned home with the change. The grocer had given him a nickel too much. When he handed the money to his mother, she said, sharply, "The man gave you five cents extra."

"I didn't even look at it," Burt protested.

"Well, you should have," she said. "He might have cheated you. You have a responsibility to him to see that he doesn't give you too much or too little." She sent him back to the store, on a very hot summer day, to return the nickel.

This made such an impression on Burt that a few years later, when he was still a kid, he couldn't pocket a twenty dollar bill he found on the sidewalk. He'd never had more than a quarter in his whole life, so twenty dollars looked like a million to him. Nevertheless, he stood there for hours on a freezing winter day waiting for someone to come up and claim it—hoping they wouldn't. When he had just about decided he had waited long enough for his conscience not to bother him, a woman rushed up. "Little boy," she said, "did you find any money?"

"How much?" Burt asked.

"A twenty dollar bill."

It almost broke his heart, but he handed it over to her.

Although Burt's mother died when he was sixteen, her forceful personality left a strong imprint upon him. She was a strangely self-sufficient woman, who minded her own business, believed in the philosophy of live-and-let-live. She never called on anyone to help her; settled her own problems; made her own decisions. If anything happened, any kind of trouble, she would never go to the law.

One night around ten o'clock, Burt returned home after seeing Lon Chaney in "The Phantom of the Opera." It was a gruesome picture, and Burt was scared as he hurried through the dark alleys of Little Italy. Perhaps his actions looked suspicious to the cop on the beat. Burt ran up the stairs to where he lived. "Ma," he said, "there's a cop following me!"

She went out into the hallway, and the cop asked, "Did a little boy come up here?"

"Yes, he's my son," she said.

"Are you sure?" asked the cop.

"He's my son," she repeated. "Now go on and get out!" She took him by the shoulders and threw him down the stairs. He never came back, not that night—or any night.

"She was like that," says Burt. "In a sense, she always felt she was one against the world. But she was a generous person. When bums come to our back door, she would never turn them away. She would feed them, give them an old suit of clothes. She never preached. She never said, 'Why do you drink?' She wouldn't care. That was their business. When they had finished eating, she'd say, 'That's all now. On your way.' She wouldn't let them hang around, but she never tried to tell them how to live their lives."

Burt's mother wasn't given to emotional outbursts. If he did something that pleased her, she'd say, "Go on, get out of here!" although she might be on the verge of tears. She really loved her children. But tenderness was not part of her makeup. She was a very practical woman who wanted her children to rely upon themselves. Sometimes, today, Burt finds this brusqueness part of his own personality. If he is really moved, he tries to hide it.

His father was a wonderful balance. Calm, quiet, mild, he gave his children what Burt's mother could not. He told them stories, played ball with them. There was a sweetness to his manner that drew his children to him. As a pair, Burt's parents were a happy contrast. The purposeful drive of Burt's mother was tempered by the gentle understanding of his father. And this gentleness is also part of Burt's makeup. It contradicts his seeming abruptness. It is evident in a voice that sometimes has a rather soft quality. Occasionally, you see this warmth in his glance. It is disarming.

They say you can tell a man by the company he keeps. When Burt was sixteen and going to New York University, he was the Voice of Authority on his block. He was "a college man." Whenever the kids in the neighborhood wanted to know something, they'd say, "Let's ask Burt. He's educated." One day, he was on a street corner in the middle of such a discussion when a very tough little kid, Nick Cravatt, took the opposite viewpoint. Burt knew Nick slightly, but it was after his discussion that they became friends because Burt admired Nick's thinking.

Burt is not impressed with himself. In explaining his sudden rise to fame, he makes no attempt to gild the story. "Talent has nothing to do with it," he says. "It's like having a frying pan, a couple of eggs, but no butter to fry them in. A lot of people kick around this town for a long time—because there isn't any butter, so to speak. I was lucky."

Just as his mother didn't infringe upon

the rights of others, Burt doesn't use his prestige as a famous personality to soapbox his philosophy of living, his key to success, his beliefs or his views. "I think it's presumptuous of anyone to decide on a philosophy of life," he says. "When you start talking about the things in which you believe, you get into pretty nebulous territory. Everything becomes pure conjecture.

"It's like this. The other day I was discussing the un-American activities with a friend of mine, a very brilliant lawyer. I was wondering what the outcome would be when it came to the Supreme Court. What actually constitutes the rights of man? He told me the viewpoints of the dean at the Harvard Law School, a man who is supposed to be the greatest living authority on the Constitution. The law of the land, says the dean, is the *opinion* of the Supreme Court, their interpretation of the letter of the law. They see what is NOT written down.

"And what do they see? In order to know how these men would vote, you'd have to know their backgrounds, where they were born, where they were brought up, their educations. If you knew that, you'd know how they would vote. For their interpretations depend on the sum total of their own personal experiences. In other words, whether something is right or whether it is wrong is purely a matter of human interpretation. That's why I think it is silly to philosophize on a way of life. Your way of life is governed by your own reactions to situations, and those reactions are determined by your experiences in the past. No one person can set down rules for another because we have all lived our lives differently."

Such individual thinking sets Burt Lancaster severely apart from Hollywood's yes-boys. Despite the fanfare of publicity, with its attendant temptation to make a good story better, you get the feeling about Burt that he is telling you the truth in as plain and unvarnished manner as possible. Of interviews he says, "You've got a job to do, and I've got a job to do." The impression he gives is, "So let's get through with it."

Fortunately, Burt's life story needs no embellishing to make it interesting. The main difficulty is to tone it down so that people will recognize its authenticity. For Burt's very real story sounds like a page out of an adventure magazine. When his mother died, he left university to join a circus. Nick Cravatt and he had worked up a semblance of a routine on the bars, and they decided they wanted to become acrobats. During the tryout, Burt fell down three times, but the owner put them on anyway—at three dollars a week, and board.

They stayed with the circus for five years, and in that time they moved from small shows to big outfits like Barnum's. When they realized they'd never make any money in the circus, they went into vaudeville. They had the same kind of act, and played top houses. But after one six-week stretch where they knocked the agents dead and made a fast $350 per week, Burt decided there was no future in vaudeville, either. For there were long, hungry periods without work. They couldn't get any further than they were. "We'd been acrobats for ten years," says Burt. "If we had been second rate, I wouldn't have given up. But there we were—as good as we could get—and we had one spot of work and three of none."

It was about this time that Burt decided to give up show business and become an average citizen. He was all set to go on the road as concert advance man for the Columbia Broadcasting System at $6,000 per year, when the war came along. He wanted to be an Army engineer, but he was put into Special Service.

After three years he was about to get his discharge, although still in uniform, when he got into an elevator in New York. Also going up was a producer. Burt had a telegram in his pocket from the Columbia Broadcasting System advising him the $6,000 per year job was still open. But the producer took one look at Burt and asked him to read for a certain part. Burt did and wound up in a Broadway show.

During rehearsals, he began to worry about what kind of an actor he was. He asked Sam Levene, star of the show, "I've been coming to rehearsals every day, and no one is telling me anything. What's wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong," said Levene. "You're doing okay—that's why they aren't giving you any direction."

Dramatic acting was a new experience for Burt, although his years as an acrobat came in handy. He moved with greater grace than his fellow actors. He wasn't afraid of an audience. On opening night, when the rest of the cast had butterflies in their stomachs, he was perfectly calm. All he could miss was a cue. He had had years when a miss meant death.

The show was badly timed—a war play after the war had ended. It closed after a brief run, but Hollywood paged Burt. He was still holding his wire from CBS when all at once he realized that every time he tried to get out of show business, Fate stepped in. He remembered that he was all set to be an Army engineer, when the Army decided Special Service was for him. He was on his way to that steady, reliable, $6,000 a year job, when a producer saw him in an elevator. Now he was still considering that nice, safe job, and Hollywood beckoned.

In Hollywood, he tested with Lizabeth Scott for "Desert Fury." Hal Wallis signed him. The script wasn't ready, so Burt's astute agent, Harold Hecht, lined up "The Killers." Burt's sensational performance made him the star of the year.

It's been almost too easy, and that is bothering Burt a little these days. He isn't living much differently than he has always lived—no splash, no glamor, no front. He thinks the main difference in his life is that now he is able to do things for the people who deserve them. He does these "things" in sort of a left-handed, brusque way—in much the same manner that his mother would have done them.

Acting hasn't been too difficult, but he would like it to be. He was glad that his part in "All My Sons" kept him on his toes. "This was my first difficult rôle," he admits candidly. "In playing *Swede* in 'The Killers' I didn't have much to do. *Swede* was not too bright. He didn't show much emotion. The main problem was to keep him from getting monoton-

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ous. This play is different. The character has more than one dimension. There are scenes that must be played just over, or under, the mood. You try again and again, and you think you'll never get it. But it's that which makes it interesting. In 'Sorry, Wrong Number,' I'm a gentle sort of guy, put upon by my wife. That part is a challenge, too, because it's a departure from rough and tough rôles.

"Eventually, I want to get out of acting entirely. It's not sufficient. It's dull. I'd like to be a producer, have my hand in everything. I'd like to fashion something and leave my own personality and imprint unmistakably upon it." To leave the imprint of the Lancaster personality upon any film would automatically lift it out of the ordinary!

You wonder what will happen when Burt comes face to face with the ruthlessness that is part of any success story where competition and nervous hysteria color your judgment. He answers you, "The only dangerous thing in this town is that it's so easy to get snowballed. You have to shape yourself up now and then."

Perhaps that's why in conversation an occasional smile crosses his face—when nothing funny has been said. Maybe he's giving himself the once-over-lightly, shaping himself up, looking at his performance, so to speak, and laughing it off a little self-consciously. Perhaps he realizes that as long as he's never going to get out of show business, he might as well play it straight.

June Formals

Continued from page 43

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How Young Can You Get?

Continued from page 38

shy grins cross his face and then he added, "At least I'm excited about the rushes. I look really older in them, so maybe now I'll get out of that perennial juvenile class. How young can a guy get?" Then, turning serious, he added, "Yes, I think the future looks good."

I've heard so many kids who have had the same false starts as Farley yip about how the world is down on them, how they never get the breaks. They spend their time feeling sorry for themselves Call it frustration, inferiority complex, what-have-you. But the question is: are those kids really using the old head? Does this crepe-hanging session pay off?

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actor," Farley remarked when I told him about the talk I'd heard from such young fellows. "Not so long ago I ran into a boy about my age who was suffering from a complaint complex. The world was beating him over the head with a shovel, it seemed. He was a great actor, but nobody appreciated him. That's the gist of his remarks. I finally told him that if he really wanted to get somewhere he should stop that stuff. I told him that if there was nothing for him in Hollywood, he should go out and get some work in stock companies back east or try to get in road companies of hit shows. There's nothing like stage experience, anyway. But he couldn't see it. It was simply that he didn't want to leave Hollywood. So many young kids won't think of disappearing from the Hollywood scene for even a brief moment. They think it's too glamorous and exciting.

"Most of the kids who complain aren't, and never will be, actors in the first place. Why do they go on kidding themselves? There are other professions besides acting. I know that if I ever found myself on the way out, I'd turn either to writing or to painting. However, for those kids who have the talent I certainly don't think they should give up.

"When I came back from the service, I had plenty of moments of being discouraged. I suddenly saw how competitive my field was. There are a lot of us young guys in town, but there aren't enough pictures being made with rôles for our types. And often if a good part does come up for one of us, an older man will play it. But it doesn't do anybody any good to stay discouraged. During my time off, I took piano and tennis lessons to help occupy my mind. Then Mr. Goldwyn very kindly advised me to study with Florence Enright, the studio coach. I worked with such people as Virginia Mayo and Vera Ellen. We did scenes from plays and had some very thorough training. It was all great experience to me.

"I also made it a point to see as many movies as possible. I like to watch the work of other actors and actresses. But I most definitely admit that there's no young actor who has risen to prominence in the last three years that I'd want to trade places with. Those young guys in pictures just don't send me at all, to get into groove talk. The only person, in fact, I would love to trade places with is Fredric March. There's a real actor! I think the young stars of today will have to learn a lot more than they know if they're to stay on top as long as Mr. March has. I don't want any of this flash-in-the-pan success!"

It's true that Farley has grown up since I last saw him. The way he talked proved that. There's less of the kid about him, more of a mature self-assurance. He's still young enough to enjoy youth but he's settled down to a definite routine. He's centralized his life and he knows where he's heading. Also, where he was once the dreamy eyed idealist about his work, he's now looking at his career more realistically, more soundly.

Much of this change is due to his years in service. I remember talking to him after he came back from boot camp. Farley wasn't a happy fellow then. He was lonesome and discouraged. But at the end of his two and a half years, he came out a much different guy. "I'm very grateful to the service for what it taught me," Farley went on. "I came in contact with both men and situations that I would never have met if I'd stayed in Hollywood. Being too close to this town can narrow your viewpoint. I found that actors weren't the only people in the world.

"Beside the important lesson of social contact with all kinds of men, I also had a chance to learn more about my work. In Honolulu, I met Sam Wanamaker, the man who rose to such prominence in 'Joan of Lorraine' and who is now in Hollywood. He was directing and acting in 'The Glass Menagerie' at the time, and I spent every spare moment watching the rehearsals. Naturally, I soaked in a lot of knowledge that was valuable to me. So far as the service is concerned, I consider it a great teacher, a great developer."

As for what Farley has been doing away from the career line, meaning romance specifically, the status quo isn't quite as definite. He's been rumored as going about with almost every young girl in town, but Farley hasn't been quite as much of a Beau Brummel as all that.

"I've been going with Vera Ellen more than anyone else," Farley admitted. "I'd say she was the main girl in my life, although I have dated others too. I also go with Ann Blyth some, too. I like Vera and Ann because they're not the usual career girl dates. Most girls who work in pictures have a rather warped sense of values. By that I mean the run-of-the-mill standard type who must go to Ciro's every night. Well, I want to get attention only when I've become a good actor. I don't want to build my reputation solely on being photographed at Ciro's. Any girl who wants to go out just to have a chance to show herself off at the chosen places in Hollywood isn't for me.

"Vera and Ann are more sensible. They're not concerned with gossip column publicity and they don't care anything for being seen in the so-called right places. They merely enjoy having a good time, quietly and sensibly. And they don't expect a guy to hock his home in order to pay for an evening's date."

In this town where youth occasionally goes dashing off madly to Las Vegas for a hurried date with the preacher, Farley also stands out as unique. He's making good money for a kid his age, he realizes he has a pretty good future, he knows the kind of girl he wants to marry, so what's stopping him from taking the fatal step?

"I don't like to make generalities, but I don't think any fellow of twenty-two—and that's how old I am—should be thinking seriously of marriage," Farley said flatly. "He hasn't got his feet planted solidly enough in the ground to know the score. Oh, I admit there's always the possibility I might suddenly fall in love and then I might discard all my ideas and rush off to get married. But I think I've barricaded myself against that. At least, I hope I have.

"For one thing, I have too much to accomplish first. I want to become more

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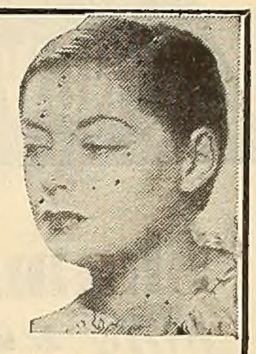

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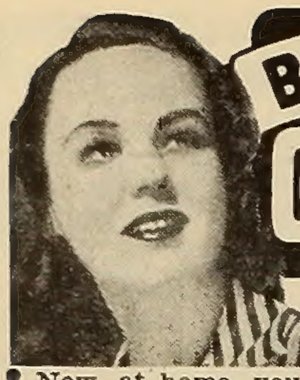

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established than I am now. An actor's life is far too uncertain to add unnecessary responsibilities before he's ready for them. I think if I give myself a couple of years more and know exactly what lies ahead for me, I'll look upon marriage much more seriously.

"Being an actor in Hollywood makes it very difficult to plan a future. The chance-like aspect of the work makes a long range plan tough. The place is paved with guys who had a good job, bought a big home, took on problems, and suddenly the job was gone and so were all the things they had bought and the dreams they had. In that respect, Hollywood is a tough town and it makes you tread carefully. Yet, in another way, it's great for a young actor. Any young and ambitious person wants to feel he's conquering something, hurdling obstacles. No place else is as challenging to a fellow's ambition and determination as Hollywood. And I think that when a guy meets that challenge successfully, he has the background for a happy marriage. At least the problems in marriage won't seem too hard to hurdle then. Maybe that's too pat a way to look at the set-up, but it seems logical to me anyway."

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